FEB. 28, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 43

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE AMERICAN ORGANIZER

Putnam Weale in his account, as a participant and witness of the defense of the legations in Peking in the Boxer uprising, in the months before the relief came, mentions two things which stood out for him in the terrible confusion and peril of the first days when the sailor and marine guards of many nations, the officials and civilians, with women and children and Chinese converts, were driven into the compound along the Tartar wall.

One was the complete military competence of the Japanese commander. The other was the organizing ability of a Yankee missionary who took charge of the service of supplies.

The Japanese military man had been trained for his work. The American, by profession averse to conflict, arose to it out of the instinct of his people.

If five Americans gather together they organize something—the Rotary, Kiwanis, Red Men, Moose, a commercial association, the Ike Waltons, a fishing club, a neighborhood improvement association, a young men's literary and debating club, an athletic and pleasure club.

They organize by ages and occupations, by amusements and pastimes. The expatriates of one State organize themselves in another. There is an Indiana society and an Ohio society in States where natives of Indiana and Ohio have gone. So with natives of other States. They organize by wars, for peace, for golf, cards, fraternal association, for boosting, for eating, for dancing, for lectures, French lessons, bowling, for life insurance, for the preservation of native landscape, for gang singing, for any activity, amusement, philanthropy, public service, or public discussion of which they can think.

Some people laugh at them because they are so willing and eager to organize anything, join anything, design a button, pin a feather on themselves and march, sing, and eat in common, with the strength of an organization behind them and the enthusiasm of a common purpose inspiring them.

Organization is the method by which people act together. Unless they act together they are weak individuals with few competent to stand up against adversities.

America is a new land. It does not have stratified foundations as in England and on the European continent. People here do not find themselves set. They haven't a thousand years of ancestry. They organize their own lives and the need of doing this develops the genius for doing it.

Unconsciously the American people are constantly in a fire drill. They are constantly in that military training which requires sorting, squadding, and regimenting. They are doing it themselves with their organizations. They learn how to associate, form in order, establish a rule, submit to direction, and act in common.

All these organizations promote the essential principle of accomplishment by unity of purpose and action. That's all there is to an army. The best thing an army can have back of it is the genius of organization. That genius the American people have developed in the natural play of their lives. They love it. They are expert in it. It is a valuable gift. It is national strength.

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
The Riviera. *Third installment of The Other Side, the season's funniest travelogue*.....By RING LARDNER	5
Which Is the Vainer Sex? *A searching question and a surprising answer.*.....By FRED C. KELLY	8
The Power of the Punch. *How sport champions get results*.....By GRANTLAND RICE	11
Fenderton Roper, Pressman. *A short story by the author of Pigs Is Pigs.*.....By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER	14
Is a Man's Past His Own? *Pondering the problem of whether it's always wise to confess*.....By HUGH FULLERTON	20
Sparking When I Was a Boy. *A gay comparison of past and present*.....By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW	23
What Mrs. Coolidge Does with Her Days. *Part two of a series, Behind the Scenes at the White House*.....By WINIFRED MALLON	25
Audacity Wins 'Em. *An unusual love story in a business setting*.....By ELIZABETH JORDAN	28
$1,000 for Limericks. *The winners and two new chances*.....	34
The Art of Bread Making. *Household hints*.....By ETHEL M. SOMERS	35
Secrets of the Night. *A motion picture review*.....By ALVA TAYLOR	36
The Girl from the Night. *A story of strange devotion in the North Woods.*.....By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE	38
White Pants Willie. *Eighth installment of a serial laid in the fascinating atmosphere of Palm Beach*.....By ELMER DAVIS	42
Odd Conceits Mark Paris Robes. *Fashions*.....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS	47
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 17.....	48
A New Dress Is a Tonic for Drooping Spirits. *Patterns*....By PATRICIA	49
Salesmen Who Make or Break Employers. *How they look to one who hires them*.....By LOUIS N. DRIGGS	51
Do We Bathe Too Often? *Some pros and cons of cleanliness*.....By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.	53

Cover Design by Pearl L. Hill

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another Year, Another Income Tax

NOW is the time for all good men to engage in the annual struggle with the dotted line. Whether your return is off your mind or is still causing you sleepless nights, you will find diversion in an article which *Walter Davenport* has written for next week's Liberty. It is a lively excursion into the amazing intricacies which beset some of our fellow mortals at this one time when we're lucky if we're poor, and the problems of cunning, involved legal interpretation, and plain lying with which Uncle Sam is confronted. *Dodging the Income Tax* is the name of it.

FRANK CONDON
Author of Poor Old Pete

Frank Condon has a hilarious short story in the coming issue called *Poor Old Pete,* and *Wallace Smith,* a newcomer in Liberty's pages, contributes a sprightly tale, entitled *Good Trouper,* about a Broadway dancing girl and her adventures in the far West. *Ring Lardner* takes you back to Paris and thence to Merrie England in a new chapter of his inimitable travelogue, *The Other Side;* entertaining advice for the married man is offered in *Be Your Wife's Boy Friend,* by *Thyra Samter Winslow,* and *W. L. George,* the famous English essayist, gives matters of love further consideration in a stimulating article, *The Second Blooming.*

February 28, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 43

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Riviera

By RING LARDNER

Pictures by
RALPH BARTON

The next morning we went back to the Casino to collect what they owed us, and I set down in my favorite spot at the high end of the table and played nothing but the 34, 35, and 36.

Part Three of a New Travel Series,

THE OTHER SIDE

In Which Our Hero Meets the Renowned Monte Carlo Casino in a Desperate Hand-to-Hand Struggle and Wins the Decision by a Thousand Francs

LAST time I was talking to you, I and the madam was spending the night at Toulouse on the way from Biarritz to Marseilles. Well, we left Toulouse early in the morning and continued east through the vineyards. A vineyard is a place where they grow grapes, just like an orchard is the Mecca for apples. This part of France is one of the richest grape-growing districts in the country, which is no faint praise as France is famous for its grapes.

Maybe some of you are wondering what they do with all the grapes. Well, they make wine out of them and Frenchmen drink wine just like we used to drink water before Prohibition. They drink wine before, during and between meals and you would think some of them would be stewed half the time. Well, they are.

Part of this day's drive was over roads way up on top of the Pyrenees, half a mile in the air, where if you met another car you was out of luck. We didn't meet no other car, but they was always danger that we would have a head-on collision with the car we was in as some of the curves is just like the letter O. Speaking about O, it was the only word uttered by the madam during this portion of the drive.

We made Montpellier late in the afternoon, stayed there over night and spent the next night at Marseilles after dismissing our driver with a handsome tip.

On the following morning we went by train to St. Raphael where who was at the station to meet us but Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald is a novelist and Mrs. Fitzgerald is a novelty. They left the United States last May because New Yorkers kept mistaking their Long Island home for a road house.

We was going to order a taxi to take us to our hotel, but Mr. Fitzgerald insisted on taking us in his car which is one of the kind that seats three comfortably. They was four of us.

St. Raphael is right on the Mediterranean, a kind of sea that runs clear from Gibraltar to Turkey. We set on the porch of the hotel all afternoon admiring the sea, and then went out to the Fitzgeralds' for a home-cooked meal. I made Mr. Fitzgerald a present of some rare perfume that said Johnnie Walker on the outside of it which I had picked up at Marseilles. It was coals to Newcastle, so I took it back to the hotel.

Mr. Fitzgerald said we must see Cannes and Nice and Monte Carlo while we was in the vicinity and we set a date to make the trip to those points. Mr. Fitzgerald said he would drive us in his car, but I had often rode with him around Great Neck, Long Island, so I said how could he enjoy the scenery if he had to keep watching the road and let's hire a car and a driver.

WE didn't waste much time on Cannes, but spent a pleasant afternoon in Nice eating and so forth. The road from Nice to Monte Carlo is called the Grand Corniche which I don't know what it means, but it's another of those half-mile-high roads that spells goodnight if the car shimmies an inch either way. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald was expecting I and the madam to get scared and scream, but that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN]

The big party she missed

FOR months she had been looking forward to this affair — probably the most gala event of the winter season.

And more than that—the man who was to take her was looked upon as the one real "catch" in her set.

A week before the big night she felt a dry, rasping hitch in her throat. She neglected it and kept right on going.

A few days later her throat was so inflamed she could hardly swallow food. And then a rapidly rising temperature.

The doctor ordered her to bed—and kept her there three days. On the evening she wanted most to feel fit, she was confined to the house like a little old lady —and the others were dancing.

* * *

Don't let sore throat throw you out of step with winter pleasures.

Guard against this trouble by taking the simple precaution of using Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a preventive for throat irritations and the more serious ills that so often follow.

Have Listerine handy always in your bathroom. It is the ideal, safe antiseptic. Its dozens of different uses are fully described in the circular that comes around each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

ride over the Pyrenees a few days before was like a vaccination to the both of us.

We got to Monte Carlo in the evening and went to the hotel to dress for dinner and while dressing I heard Mr. Fitzgerald in the next room mentioning prominent Biblical characters. It developed that he had left the job of packing to the maid and instead of packing his new and fashionable dinner jacket she had put in a full dress coat that he had boughten seven years ago for the hops or proms or whatever you call the things they have at colleges. It took a lot of coaxing to get the guy to listen to reason, but finally we all had dinner and then went across the street to the Casino to buck the tiger.

Now, when I say buck the tiger, I don't mean to really buck a tiger, because the Casino isn't a zoo, though a person might get that impression from looking the inmates over. Bucking the tiger is a nickname I got up for playing roulette, and I may as well explain that the only industry in Monte Carlo is roulette, and if it wasn't for roulette they wouldn't be no Monte Carlo.

ROULETTE is a game played with a wheel and a little marble, and the wheel has got thirty-six numbers on it and a single O besides, and the man sends the wheel spinning one way and the marble rolling the other, and finally the marble stops and drops into one of the numbers, and if you have bet on the number it falls into, well and good. Roulette is a game I have got licked, as it takes my type of mind to play it. It is said that hundreds of people has killed themselves after losing their fortune in the Monte Carlo Casino.

Well, we breezed in, to use a slang expression, and the public room was jammed, so we went to a private room and it was more jammed. Besides the crowds around the tables playing, they was hundreds of morons watching the play and writing down each number as it come up.

These birds all had record books, some of them as big as Who's Who, and they tell me that lots of them has been keeping the records for over ten years in the hopes of working out a system. They pick a certain table and stick to it year in and year out, and see what numbers generally follows what other numbers at that table.

Like, for instance, if the 7 follows the 29 once, why, it is liable to do it again, maybe not the next time, but some other time. If they find out that the 7 follows the 29 on an average of every twenty-first roll, why, that means they have got a system that is bound to make a sucker out of the Casino as soon as they get money enough to use it. My personal experience with roulette is that if the 7 comes up, why, the next number is bound to be either the 7 or some other number or maybe the O. They don't have no double O in Monte Carlo.

I made Mr. Fitzgerald a present of some rare perfume that said Johnnie Walker on the outside of it which I had picked up at Marseilles.

Well, the end of the table where I wanted to play was so crowded I couldn't get nowheres near it, so I played numbers I didn't think would come up, and sure enough they didn't. I quit along about eleven o'clock, *quatre mille* francs to the bad. *Quatre mille* francs is a French expression meaning a little over two hundred bucks. On the way out I says to the madam how about me drinking some poison, but she says don't you think you've had enough today?

THE next morning we went back to collect what they owed us, and I set down in my favorite spot at the high end of the table and played nothing but the 34, 35, and 36. It seemed like they couldn't help coming, and an Englishman with a record book standing behind me said, do you play those same numbers every day; so I said yes, but I didn't tell him that this was my second session at Monte Carlo and that previous to that I hadn't seen a roulette wheel for two years.

Well, in less than an hour I had won *cinq mille* francs, a French expression meaning over two hundred and fifty bucks, and we beat it, and I bet the boys that runs the Casino was glad to hear that we had left town.

We spent several more pleasant days at St. Raphael in the company of the young author and his fair bride, and then decided it was time to go north again. Our plan was to visit Berlin, and I didn't see no reason why we couldn't go by way of Switzerland. The concierge said yes, you can; you can make it in about four days by changing trains five times. The best way to do is go back to Paris and to Berlin from there. That's only two sleeper jumps. So I told the madam, and she says, two sleeper jumps on these French trains! How would you like to go alone?

So you'll have to ask somebody else what Berlin is like, and I'll try to tell you next time about our second stop in gay Paris, and maybe a few incidents of our visit to what I call merrie England.

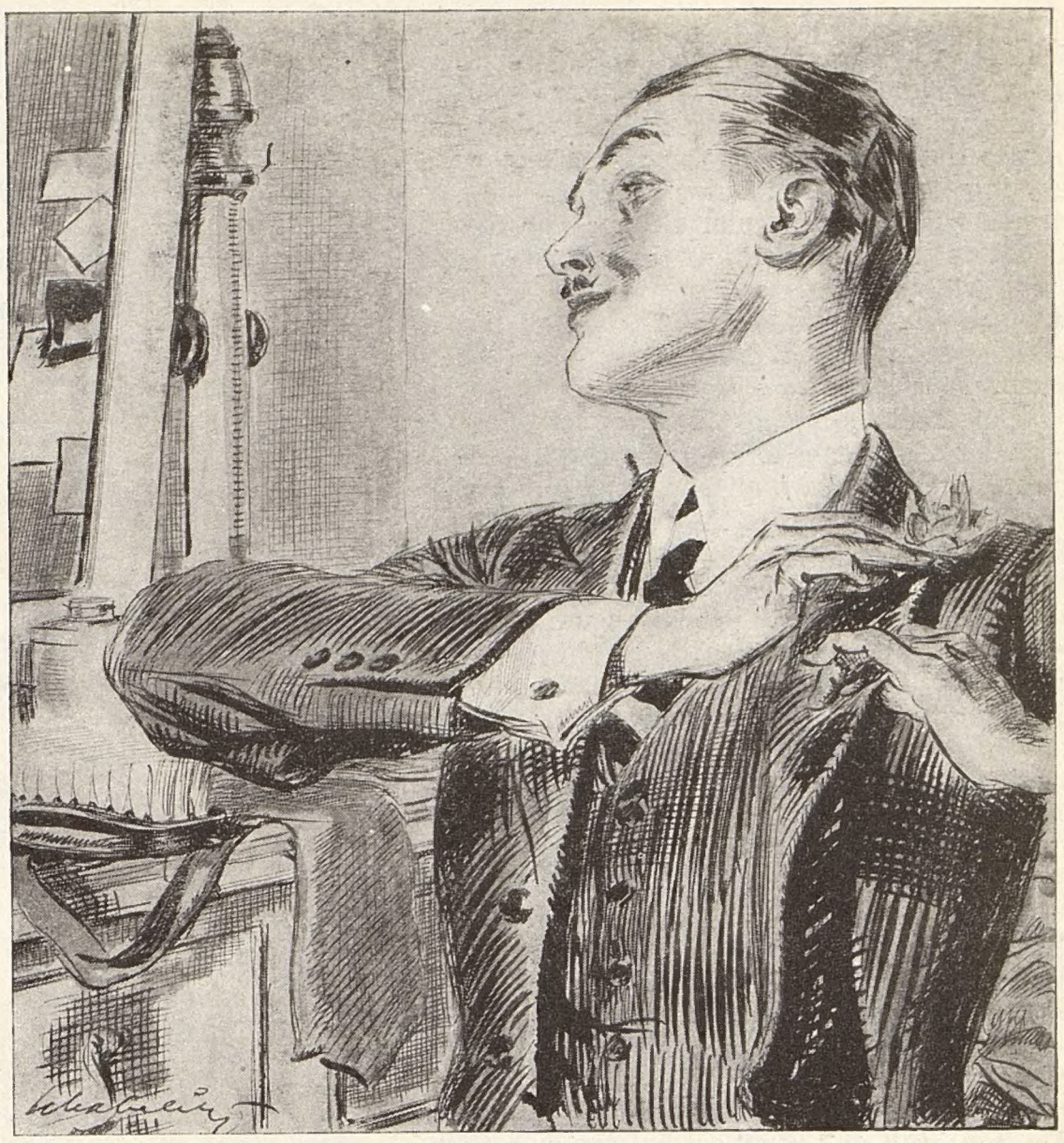
Part of this day's drive was over roads way up on top of the Pyrenees, half a mile in the air, where if you met another car you was out of luck.

The fourth installment of Mr. Lardner's peregrinations about Europe will appear in next week's issue.

Which Is *The* VAINER SEX?

By Fred C. Kelly

Pictures by R. F. SCHABELITZ

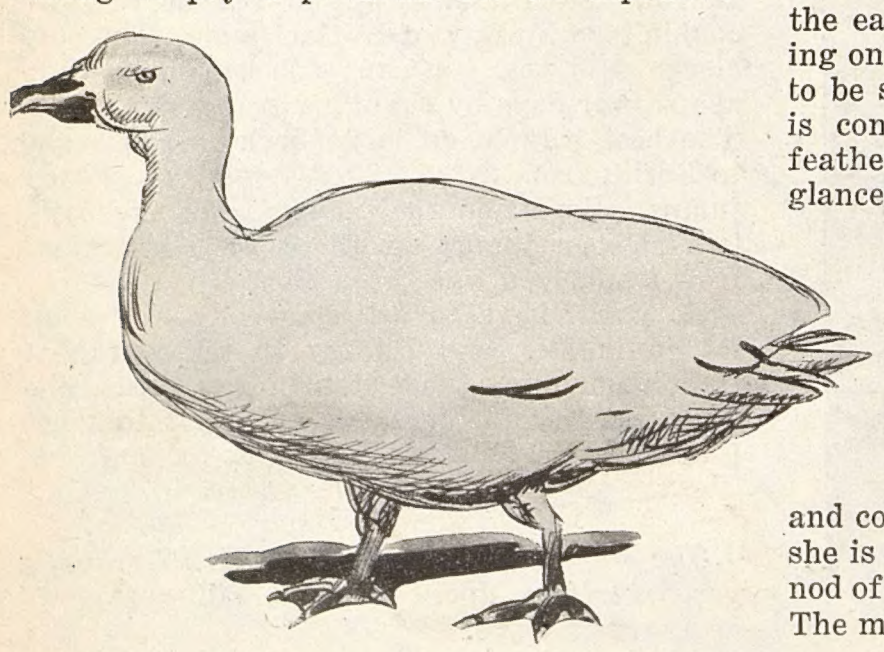


If Woman Is More Gorgeous, It Seems, It's Really Because She Is More Modest; but as for Man---Well, Read What One of Them Says!

I BELONG to the same great biological division that includes roosters, peacocks, and nearly all the more strutty creatures. Ours is the vainer sex, though we human members, unlike birds and the rest of the animal kingdom, do our showing off by proxy—through the female of the species. We gather prestige not so much by wearing bright plumage or rare jewels as by writing checks to pay for them.

All manner of luxury shops exist because of male vanity—even though the male is usually only the purchaser rather than the actual consumer. Who ever heard of a woman going to a florist and buying herself a fifty dollar bouquet? The best customers of florists, confectioners and jewelers are men. When a man buys flowers or candy he likes to go to the place charging the highest prices. He is willing to pay a premium for an expensive name on the box. By sending such a box to a woman acquaintance it is as if he said to her:

"You see, these high prices don't stop *me*. I send you only the best. You're lucky to know *me*."



Even in feminine underwear the costliest articles are not bought by women, but by men to send to women.

A rare jewel on a woman's finger makes people say, "Her husband must be doing wonderfully well!" The costly trappings of a wife add to the glory of the man who pays for them just as does his footman's livery. I even know a man who paid a million dollars to be known as the husband of a woman who wears a million dollar necklace!

Every millinery store is indirectly supported by male vanity. Why do struggling young working girls deny themselves food to buy costly fluff and feathers? Because they have discovered that the sacrifice for millinery and other finery is profitable.

Every woman knows that the simplest way to provide for her economic future is by nuptial contract with a likely looking man, and the easiest way to catch this man is by playing on his vanity. She knows that a man likes to be seen in public places with a woman who is conspicuously fashionable — even to the feathers on her hat. To receive the envious glances of other diners in an expensive restaurant compensates for a lack of intelligent conversation during the dinner.

NO degree of dumbness in a woman need prevent her from capturing a good husband, provided she is beautiful. It isn't necessary that she be beautiful of face or figure. Clothes and cosmetics may make her so attractive that she is almost as satisfying to his vanity as is a nod of recognition from a haughty head waiter. The main essential to a woman seeking a mate is that she is not too dumb to make her eyes say to him:

"How perfectly won-der-ful you are!"

Most men would dress just as gaudily and wear as many jewels as women except for the fear of public disapproval. As recently as Colonial days they did do it. Just now excessive foppishness would suggest a lack of prowess as a producer.

I'll never forget a conversation between two army officers I overheard in a Pullman smoking compartment at the time of the coalless days in the winter of 1917, when the war situation looked dark and dismal. These two reserve officers boarded the train at Columbus, Ohio, and for nearly an hour talked gravely—about means for winning the war? No. They discussed whether puttees or boots made an officer look more "dressy."

MAN, being of the vainer sex, and therefore more fearful of public disapproval, is ever more conventional than woman, and far more easily induced to wear a uniform—whether in war or peace—as witness how often he puts on standardized black evening dress rather than risk having someone think he doesn't own such an outfit. The same men who laugh most heartily at passing styles in hair dress for women are often the ones who themselves wear the most ridiculous designs in whiskers.

While both men and women are scheming four-flushers during courtship, each naturally trying to hide or minimize personal shortcomings, surely it will be conceded that man is the worse offender. He provides taxicabs, theater tickets, costly dinners, flowers, bonbons, attendance at dances which he dislikes, and all manner of personal service that cuts into his time and purse—all the while knowing full well that he cannot possibly keep up this pace after marriage.

A man courting the woman of his choice may not be able calmly to analyze his thoughts and motives, but if he did they would probably be something like this: I'm not as amia-

ble or clever as I've led her to believe, but she's lucky to get me even as I am.

Not only does a man think his wife played in exceptional good fortune when she got him, but he is convinced that she should feel like making genuflections of thanks to the fates for every day she keeps him.

I have heard prospective brides speak with horror at the thought that one's husband might be the first to awaken in the morning and see his wife asleep with the rouge rubbed off, or hair mussed, and be disillusioned.

But I have never heard a man expressing any concern lest his wife should see him asleep with his mouth ajar and find her ideal shattered. He imagines that she would only find him the more fascinating. Yet the average man asleep, even if he doesn't snore, is about the most weirdly unromantic of all natural phenomena.

GO to almost any home on Sunday morning and note the contrast between the lord of the manor and his wife. She may not be dressed for company, but she probably does have on a pretty little freshly starched apron, and if her hair isn't perfect in coiffure the fact is hidden beneath a colorful boudoir cap. But the male of the sketch comes slouching to breakfast in a disreputable bathrobe, with a two days' growth of beard, never for a moment uncertain of his power to charm.

All through married life it is the wife who is the most particular to look attractive. Indeed, one of the most pathetic sights I know is that of a middle-aged woman with no chance of being alluring, yet dutifully buying a foolish-looking hat because she thinks it may help her to retain her husband's esteem.

Who ever heard of a beauty parlor going bankrupt? Every city is a warren of them, and yet all prosper — because every woman modestly thinks she needs more beauty than nature gave her to attract a husband or to keep one.

Because of her deep sense of inferiority and unworthiness the average wife, no matter how happily married or how drab her husband, imagines that every woman he meets would like to capture him. For this reason few wives like to have their husbands thrown, without wifely attendance, in the company of other womenfolk. Even the fashionable society woman, beautiful and as sure of herself as the angel Gabriel, may secretly feel fearful or jealous of her husband's poor, little, hard-working stenographer.

The most devoted wife I know has an old plug of a husband whom nobody else would want. I'm sure that every time he goes to the city for a day and returns to her she is surprised. She has for years been expecting some other woman to steal him. (Incidentally, her attitude has gradually inflated his vanity until the chances are he will eventually try to have some strange woman run off with him, just to live up to his wife's high opinion of his desirability.)

On the other hand, the average husband of a fascinating young wife is ordinarily willing to send her away to a summer resort for several weeks, never once fearful that she may lose her heart to a handsome man adept at all the new dances. No, the husband thinks to himself: Why would she take up with anybody else when she can have *me?*

It must be remembered that the origin of marriage itself rests on male vanity and snobbery. Back in the remote, barbaric days before anyone gave much heed to the identity of his own personal children, it occurred to the tribal chiefs that it was scarcely dignified for them to mix freely with persons not their social equals. The chiefs reasoned that they had no social equals except their own flesh and blood—their own children; thus family life got started.

Another factor in the earliest marriages was the question of bequeathing property. Personal property was controlled by the men of the tribe, and they were vain enough to deplore its being spent after their death by anyone not their own descendants.

When we men instituted marriage we designed it for our own benefit. Taking advantage of woman's biological handicaps and inability to move far from home when rearing children, we arranged the world to suit ourselves. We saw to it that the customary terms of the marriage bargain should not only be easily made, but in our control and favorable to us.

TO begin with, we established a public opinion that looks down on the woman who is unmarried. While this is not now so severe as in earlier times, every unmarried woman grows weary of the superior attitude of her married sisters. No matter how capable or successful the unmarried woman may be, she is ordinarily on the defensive, half apologetic about her lot, fearful that people may think she never had an opportunity to be married.

If strong minded enough to ignore such public opinion by earning her own living, she finds that we have greatly augmented her difficulties by closing various avenues of employment to her. True, the way isn't barred quite so completely as in the days, only a few years back, when for a woman to work at a business occupation was considered almost indecent. Men performed even such feminine tasks as selling corsets or lace behind counters—clear up to the time of the Civil War. About the only place open to women was housework, where she might be permitted to perform menial service for men.

Even yet most of the

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

employment offered to women is in lines which men regard as too onerous. Men do such easy tasks as accounting and auditing, while women scrub floors or wash clothes, and in many parts of the world still till the fields. Look about you and see if there aren't more men than women working at jobs that permit sitting down.

No matter what work woman does obtain she usually gets less money for it than if she were a man. Also, a man will usually pay more in time and effort to gain the hand of an idle society girl than if she were of proved ability.

NOW, all these phases of public opinion didn't just happen. We men arranged it. Our idea was to make any other job than marriage so difficult for woman that she is obliged to marry, to the end that when a man desires a wife he may easily drive an advantageous bargain.

Because the average woman is taught from the cradle that capturing a man must be her highest achievement, and that she almost has to marry, a man is able to employ a wife, under life contract, with no reward beyond her routine upkeep—board, lodging, and clothing. Of course, as Cicely Hamilton, in her excellent book, Marriage as a Trade, points out, the board and lodging is often of excellent quality, but in the long run it is as little as the head of the household could give without making the neighbors talk about him, and injuring his own prestige.

If public opinion demanded that every man must spend a few years as a farmhand it would be possible to hire a farmer for little or nothing; but even the most ignorant farm laborer may always exact more reward than his mere upkeep. We men think it is all right to drive an exceptionally drastic bargain at marriage, because we are convinced that womenfolk are lucky to have us, no matter how unfair or one-sided the terms.

The wedding ring itself is a survival of male vanity. Originally, instead of placing a ring on her finger, the bridegroom encircled his victim's waist with a girdle, symbolic of her bondage. At the same time the bride's father handed to the bridegroom a stick, or whip, in token of his mastery.

The modern custom of having a so-called "best man" at a wedding dates back to tribal days when the prospective bridegroom took along an able-bodied warrior friend to assist him in capturing a bride from a neighboring enemy tribe. It never occurred to the bridegroom of those days to ask the young woman if she would care to consider matrimony. Feeling certain in his vanity that she was as hopelessly his inferior as if she had been a horse, he saw no reason to consult her wishes.

Old shoes thrown after departing honeymooners recall missiles hurled by members of the bride's tribe when she was being *captured* by an enemy. Possibly it is the subtle sop to male vanity that has caused this old practice to endure. It may suggest to the bridegroom that he has just done something brave and courageous even though in his vanity he secretly thinks he has made a great unselfish concession in permitting the bride to share his future.

One often hears the formal church wedding mentioned as an example of feminine vanity. Admittedly, the bride in an elaborate and pompous ceremony does hold the center of the stage, while the bridegroom scarcely reaches the dignity of a footman or a waiter.

Only a creature blinded by his vanity would submit to the ignominy of so inconspicuous a place. He is willing to accept a fourth-rate position rather than not be in the exhibition at all! While in the background, he is comforted by the thought that the bride is celebrating, as elaborately as her parents' means will permit, her triumph over all feminine competitors in winning *him*. If a man felt seriously opposed to the whole principle involved in making a pageant of so personal an affair as a marriage ceremony, would he be attracted to the kind of girl who *does* crave such things? Wouldn't the fact that she desired an elaborate wedding be enough to convince him that he had been courting the wrong girl? Have you ever heard of a bridegroom who, facing a spectacular wedding service, put up firm, manly opposition? Perhaps there have been such courageous and daring souls, but they were not ordinary mortals by any means.

WOMAN'S fashionable clothes have long been regarded as proof that her vanity exceeds that of man. The historic truth is that many items of feminine garb were originated for the sole purpose of adding to the glory of her mate. The tight-laced corsets of former years, designed to give a small waistline, were a hangover from the days when woman was purely a chattel and considered a luxury somewhat in proportion to her helplessness. A weak or semi-invalid wife added to the standing of her husband because it was an indication that he could maintain a wife not capable of earning her own upkeep.

An unnecessary article always carries more social prestige than a necessary one. A limousine has more social weight than a flivver. At any rate, inasmuch as a thin wife was the kind most in demand, even fat women tried, by means of crude corsets, to look as thin and helpless as they could.

The same idea was applied to feet. Whether deformed after the Chinese fashion or by modern high heels, anything that made a woman walk with little, mincing steps helped to prove that she was not engaged in much useful toil. Surely the reason women have continued to wear skirts and other hampering garments is that when thus handicapped they are the more dependent on *us*. So ill contrived are women's clothes that they are actually a menace to life.

I have just been reading a report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which shows that there is only one kind of accident—burns—which kills more females than males. Three out of five such deaths are of girls and women—and this numerical discrimination is believed to be due to feminine clothing.

LAST summer I saw a newly married couple setting out on a camping trip. The bride had on a long skirt, a fluffy waist, and high-heeled shoes. Their guide called the young bridegroom aside to suggest that if the bride could borrow a flannel shirt, khaki breeches, and suitable shoes she might travel more comfortably and more rapidly. This made the bridegroom half angry.

"I don't want *my* wife dressed like a man," he said. "If she can't walk over the rough places, *I* will *carry* her over."

Chivalrous perhaps, but I'll venture to say that after his vanity has been somewhat appeased by a year's possession of her, he'll gladly let her dress in proper camping garb—if he takes her with him.

I am reminded of a comment by that promising young author, Fred C. Kelly, in a recent book (Advt.):

> Until the war made useful jobs for married women downright respectable, nearly every husband preferred to have his wife idle, though bored, rather than profitably employed, lest somebody should think that maybe she *had* to work. *His* vanity kept her idle.

Even back in biblical days, there were plentiful indications of the opinion held by the male of himself. This opinion of himself was never exactly a loathing. The Apostle Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, modestly expressed himself as follows:

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection."

"But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

"For Adam was first formed, then Eve."

Even to the present day in high church services the woman must keep on her hat. But the male, being a superior creature, is permitted to bare his head.

THE END

Magic, Tragic South Sea Isles!

FRANK L. PACKARD

A REGION of wrecked dreams, where human derelicts from all corners of the earth prey upon the wealthy, the successful, the fortunate—where crooks who have fled from the police of a score of countries plot violent crimes in safety. Lands of fierce sunshine and white beaches and little green islands, in which men drop out of the world and leave no trace. This is the opulent setting for FRANK L. PACKARD'S *new serial*

Broken Waters

—the tensest and tenderest bit of writing you've read in years. In it you'll meet the most formidable master criminal in recent fiction; a man whose brain works with the cold precision of some devilish machine. And caught in the toils of a plot involving the theft of a fortune in gems you'll find an innocent girl, beautiful, wistful, appealing, and brave. There's thrilling drama in her struggles to break through the net of crime.

FRANK L. PACKARD *is noted for novels in which romance of an unforgettable loveliness is combined with a rush of action. You know him best, perhaps, as the author of a book that made a famous picture—The Miracle Man. In* BROKEN WATERS *he has surpassed himself. Don't miss the opening installment*

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The POWER of the PUNCH

By Grantland Rice

In Athletics and in Life, the Rule Is the Same. The Little Man Can Hit as Hard as the Big One—if He Has the "Follow-Through"

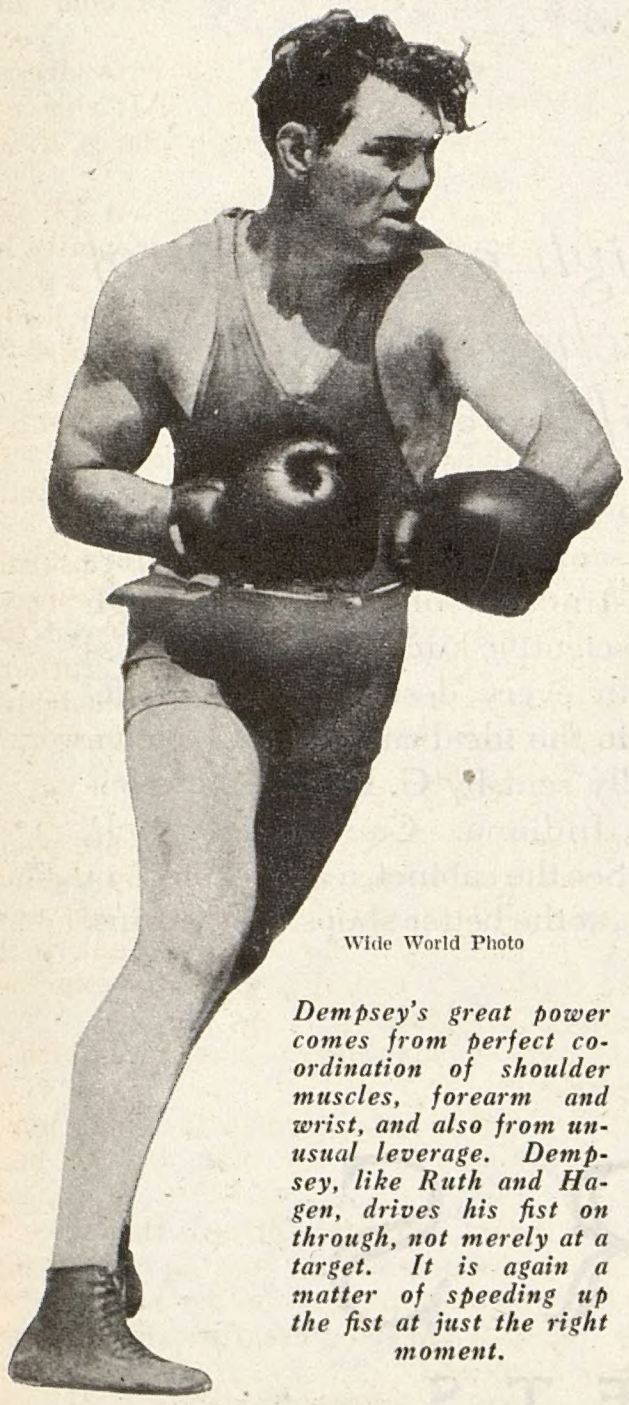
Pictures Selected and Captioned by the Author

© Paul Thompson

Babe Ruth's power is not only a matter of bulk but also a combination of perfect timing and perfect rhythm where the big bat is speeded up through the moment of impact.

FROM a short, jabbing jolt, traveling about fourteen inches, Jack Dempsey sent Luis Firpo to the resin with an old-fashioned thud heard quite a number of miles at sea.

And it wasn't a matter of mere bulk, as Firpo happened to be just twenty-seven pounds heavier than Dempsey, taller, broader, thicker, and just as strong.



Wide World Photo

Dempsey's great power comes from perfect coordination of shoulder muscles, forearm and wrist, and also from unusual leverage. Dempsey, like Ruth and Hagen, drives his fist on through, not merely at a target. It is again a matter of speeding up the fist at just the right moment.

Just what does the power of the punch come from? It isn't a matter of bulk and it isn't a matter of mere strength, although each may figure to a certain extent.

Punching power is based mainly upon leverage, elasticity and timing, where only a certain amount of muscular strength may be needed to bring about the crash. The main idea is speed and follow-through at the moment of impact.

We might name two important examples along different lines. There is Cyril Walker, open golf champion of the United States.

When Walker finished first at Oakland Hills against a brilliant field he weighed around one hundred and eighteen pounds. His arms are quite small, his legs and body quite thin. There was certainly no bulk, no great muscular development to work with.

Yet Walker was hitting the ball just as far as was Walter Hagen, and Hagen, big and broad-shouldered, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Hagen has good leverage and fine timing. How then could Walker, weighing one hundred and eighteen pounds, hit the ball about as far as Hagen, weighing sixty-two pounds more?

Mainly because Walker uses more snap in his wrists and speeds up the clubhead to a greater extent as it crashes through the ball. Walker has a great knack, through correct pivoting, of whipping the clubhead through with terrific speed, increasing speed as it passes through the ball.

While small, Walker is lithe and elastic, with a world of leverage in thin arms, which can never be muscle-bound. Walker could, of course, hit the ball much farther if he were fifty pounds heavier with this same amount of leverage and litheness and good timing. But the odds are that if he were fifty pounds heavier he might lack other needed qualities.

Cyril Tolley, who weighs over two hundred pounds, can hit a golf ball much farther than either Walker or Hagen because he, also, is of loose and sinewy build with an unusual amount of elasticity in his frame. Tolley has carried over three hundred yards on several occasions. He has what might be called "the lash" in his system, rather than the push or lift.

The same is true of Babe Ruth. His power is a combination of mass and momentum, of speed and weight hooked together.

Babe Ruth is one of the biggest ball players in the game. His bulk is huge in hands, arms, shoulders, and body. But Ruth is almost as elastic as a rubber ball. There isn't a square inch of his vast frame that is muscle-bound. With his great strength Ruth is able to use a fifty-two ounce bat, whereas the average player uses a bat of thirty-eight or forty ounces. And Ruth is able to whip this heavy bludgeon through with more speed than most players can get with a lighter bat.

RUTH can throw both mass and momentum into action and when he lands on the ball squarely it rarely remains in the same enclosure. Ruth has averaged over forty home runs for five years where the old record for a season was twenty-five homers before he began to hammer the well-known pill. He gets power by employing the standard devices, leverage, timing, and strength. And like Walker he uses an unusual amount of pivoting.

If you watch Ruth at bat you will notice that he stands with his right foot almost squarely in front of his left, being a left-handed hitter, which leaves his right shoulder well around from the pitcher and therefore gives him a wide range of pivoting as he steps into the ball with his right foot swinging forward to the right.

If Ruth were stiff and muscle-bound he would never be able to pivot in this fashion. The terrific speed of his big bat swinging through the air accounts also for his many strike-outs. Ruth last season fanned eighty-one times against eighteen times for Ty Cobb. But Ruth's bat is traveling at such a terrific

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

The modern kitchen cabinet is just as necessary as the telephone

And let it flame in the mind of every woman in America that no other piece of furniture can do so much toward freeing her from an age-old bondage. This modern equipment, by which household work is raised to a higher plane, is in very truth a scientifically matured laboratory for reduction of labor in skillful preparation of better foods. Built-in cupboards do not serve this purpose. A new birthright is this kitchen cabinet idea—multiplying woman's powers, hence as vital as motor car or telephone.

Here is high expression of the kitchen cabinet builder's art

"Fifteen famous features," a surpassing combination of convenience and sanitation, give this new Sellers Klearfront the distinction of marking a high point of progress in scientific kitchening. Matchless beauty, together with every desired factor of efficiency contributing to the ideal cabinet. All shown in booklet L-2, gladly sent by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Canadian branch, Brantford, Ontario. See the cabinet, a masterpiece in white or French gray, at the better shops. Easy terms.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

pace there is no chance for him to change its line of march and meet a fast breaking curve. Cobb is harder to outguess because he uses a shorter, more controlled swing which can be shifted with half a second's notice. Cobb can chop into a curve where Ruth's bat might whistle by.

SPEED is a big factor in power. The speed of Ruth's bat brings him the glory he has earned to a large extent.

The same was true of Knute Rockne's great backfield, "The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame." Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden could all run one hundred yards between nine and four-fifths and ten and two-fifths seconds. They were not big men, their weights ranging from one hundred and fifty-two to one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, yet when this amount of speed, so well timed, struck a defense, something had to bend if not break. They had perfect deception and perfect timing, as well as speed, but speed was the vital factor. It was speed which gave them most of their power and which ran up nearly fifty touchdowns through a long, hard season against strong teams. When they struck there was a crash which a far heavier backfield might never have obtained.

No one better exemplifies the vital part of punching power than Jack Dempsey. The champion proved that mere weight was a minor matter. When he met Jess Willard, Dempsey was outweighed by nearly sixty pounds. Yet he knocked Willard down seven times in the first round. Once again it was a case of speed, leverage, and great timing.

Dempsey doesn't snap with his wrist and hand. When he punches there seems to be a mainspring which starts from his hip and runs up through his shoulder. He knows how to put the full weight of his big shoulders back of a left or a right hook. He doesn't get his hard. He is at times astonished when an opponent falls.

"I never hit him very hard," Dempsey said later. And possibly there was no great effort used. It was perfect timing, minus over-effort, which caused the damage.

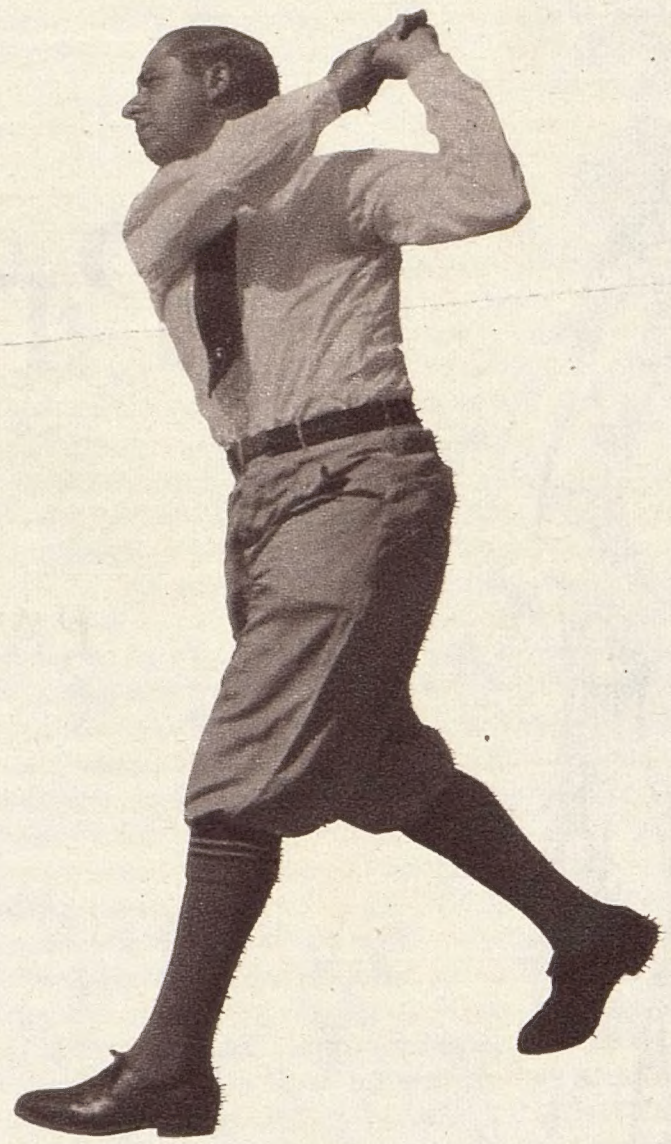
Paul Thompson Photo

Tilden, the tennis champion, is one of the few stars who can apply power from almost any position. He has the rare faculty of keeping his balance even in the air, and is at all times ready to slash through with terrific force. He is never caught out of position, not even with both feet off the ground.

body in too soon, or too late. If he is hitting with his right hand the right side of his body helps to carry through the blow.

Back of the terrific speed at which his fist is traveling there is the supporting power of a big shoulder and his fist is just reaching its maximum speed as it lands upon jaw or ribs. Using this quick right hook, we saw Dempsey land upon big George Godfrey, a sparring partner at the champion's training quarters at Great Falls, Montana.

Godfrey is over six feet, weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Dempsey's punch only traveled eighteen inches, but his timing was so perfectly done and the right shoulder backed up the punch to such an extent that Godfrey hit the floor with three ribs broken. And Dempsey had no idea he was hitting that



Hagen's perfect balance at the finish of a normal drive where he was content to keep down the fairway. He has a fine faculty of having the clubhead reach maximum speed as it reaches the ball, with his weight correctly adjusted.

OVER-EFFORT is a great wrecker of power. The competitor who tries too hard is almost sure to get his body in too soon, to apply the punch too soon or to break up his balance. Murrey of Princeton, a famous drop-kicker, had missed a few chances from the forty-yard line. His attempts were wild and short. And then one day he saw the light. In a certain game he was called on to drop-kick from the thirty-yard line. Without calling on any extra effort, without over-trying, Murrey kicked the goal. And a moment later he was astonished to see the ball carry on a full twenty-five yards farther before it dropped.

"I saw then," he said later, "that with a simple, natural effort I could have kicked that goal from fifty yards. If I had been twenty yards farther back the ball would have gone over the bar. That taught me a lesson. I had been trying too hard and the result was that I had lost all timing and balance. I had killed off power by trying to get too much power."

International Photo

Frank Murrey, the star Princeton drop-kicker, learned the lesson of not overtrying, not attempting to crowd in too much effort. He found that the correct application of leg power in a normal way without using his body could get all the range he needed.

The secret of Brickley's marvelous drop-kicking was his lack of over-trying, the simple, short foot thrust he used from every range.

The great human tendency is to hit too soon. There is a vast yearning to kill the ball or kick it a mile. With this yearning at work the body and hands get in ahead of the swing or the body gets in ahead of the foot, and so all power is lost.

Just where does mere muscle figure? Many years ago we recall casting admiring looks upon the power displayed by a well-known gymnasium star. His huge muscles bulged along arm and body and leg. He could do the giant swing and chin himself with one hand. The football coach finally got him out for the team. Whereupon he was outcharged and outplayed by a much smaller man who had good leg driving power and knew how to use it.

Power as a rule must start from balance, although certain stars, such as William T. Tilden 2d, world's tennis champion, can hit with terrific force when off balance, spinning on one heel.

There are big men who have no muscular snap or leverage. There are little men who have it to an enormous degree. It is the long, lean muscle which most often leads to power, as this type of muscle is built for speed.

The "old elastic" is a great factor. Dempsey, Tilden, and Ruth, among the greatest of all lashers, have this ability to a marked degree. They know the art of balance and timing, the art of backing up the blow, and they have those whiplike qualities which lead directly to the punch.

The best part of power must come from balance and timing, backed up by speed. Balance lies in being set. Timing is the matter of top momentum at the moment of impact, not momentum started too quickly. It must come from co-ordination where hand, arm, shoulder, and body work together. It is the team play of the human system.

THE END

"I'm going to give it the once over and try it a whirl, but it all depends. I may not keep at it long."

The Short and Snappy Story of a Young Man Who Started Out to Reform Journalism

Fenderton Roper, Pressman

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Pictures by NANCY FAY

I.

THE truest thing Fenderton Roper ever said was said by him Monday morning at 10:15 o'clock, in the suburban town of Westcote, Long Island, on York Street, October 8, as he stood with one foot on the doorstep of the Westcote *Intelligencer* office, with the tip of a brand-new cane resting on the toe of that foot. As he stood thus, his other foot on the cement walk and his body slightly turned at the waist, he spoke this indisputable truth to May Middleton. He did not then know how true it was. What he said which was so truthful was, "I may not make it my life-work."

It may be as well, in order to avoid confusion, to detail the entire conversation. Fenderton Roper, just about to enter the office of the Westcote *Daily Intelligencer*, paused—as a matter of course—to look about to see who was observing him with, let us say, envy. Any kind of envy—envy of his face, or figure, or clothes, or cane, or maturity—and he saw May Middleton.

"Why, hello, Fenderton!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know you were here! Did you get kicked out again?"

"Hello, May!" he replied. "You look all to the good. Why, it's like this, May: I gave the joint the once over, and I didn't like it. Some of the fellows were O. K., but the joint was cheesy. I couldn't stand it."

"What'd they kick you out for this time, Fenny?" May asked. She had a most annoying directness of simplicity, the kind that goes with dimples.

"Say, there was a big boob of a prof. there thought he was a gumshoe king, and he came in my room when I was having a little wind-up party, you know—just winding up the inch or so of good old red liquor that still clung in the bottom of the flask. You know, May—I showed it to you at the Hines', August. Just about five drops apiece; and what's that for a lot of bonehead faculty to get all worked up about, May? And a few cigarettes. But he got to shooting off his mouth about it, and I said, 'All right! All right! We'll go to the dean in the morning; now shut up and go away!' You know how I talk to them, May. Only he tried to get rough with me, so I had to soak him one or two. 'All right!' I said to him. 'Have it your own way! Just for that I'll get out of your rotten little school right now. I'll pack my trunk and——"

"It's the eighth school you've been kicked out of, ain't it, Fenny? Or ninth?"

"Seventh. I mean I gave seven of them the once over, but none of them came up to my standard. If father had let me——"

"My! A boy has lots of fun! Kicked out of seven schools! And that don't count the ones you flunked out of before you got into them, does it, Fenny?"

"N—— Well, I didn't think such a much of that lot. No athletics. I gave them the once over, and that was enough for me. So I said——"

"Well, we can't stand here all day," said May in her delightfully inconsequential way. "Don't you want to walk up to the post office, Fenny?"

"Love to; but a man's got to think of business first. I'll bet old Higgins is just about clawing the ceiling already in here," Fenderton told her, "wondering where I am. These

fellows expect us wage-slaves to show up on the dot, huh?"

"My goodness, Fenny! Are you working for the *Intelligencer?*"

"AT present," said Fenderton, tapping the toe of his yellow shoe with the ferrule of his cane. "Going to give it the once over, this journalism thing. What I think is that journalism, here in Westcote—well, you can't hardly call it journalism, if you look at the kind of hash they print all the time—I think it needs some good red blood put into it. I think that's what journalism needs in America—good red blood put into it. Some of the better classes and brainy fellows to take an interest in it. Well, just look at the *Intelligencer* and you know what I mean. A man has only got to give it the once over to see that. What journalism needs is good, fresh, red blood. The *Intelligencer*, especially. What it needs is a change of editorial policy, right from the ground up. I guess you can see that, if you read the poor old rag."

"Goodness, Fenny! Are you going to be editor?"

"Well, I haven't made up my mind yet, May," Fenderton assured his bobbed-haired admirer. "I made up my mind to give the good old journalism a try sort of quick, like I do everything.

"You know how I am that way. I got to thinking what Westcote needed most—last night—and it struck me that it needed some red-blooded journalism.

"A man ought to do his best for his home town. So I haven't quite made up my mind what end of it I'll take a-hold of. There's a lot in the business end—whooping up the income and pumping some pep into the advertising men and that sort of thing. But a paper has got to have the stuff in it before it can dictate to the advertisers. A man has got to look at both sides of a thing. So I guessed I'd give the old joint the once over before I made up my mind."

"I should think you'd rather be editor," May suggested. "It'd be a lot of fun to boss around a lot of reporters."

"Well, yes," admitted Fenderton. "If a man could only get the right sort of peppy men under him. And a bright fellow could put a lot of pep into the editorials. I just simply can't read the editorials in the *Intelligencer*, the way they're written now. If a man put a little pep into them, and brains. That's what they haven't got—brains. These guys think anybody can run a newspaper. Now——"

"Yes, I know," said May, hastily; "but I simply must glide on down to the post office, Fenny. See you later. Well, it must be grand to have decided what your life-work is going to be!"

"Well, I don't know!" Fenderton said gravely. "I don't know that I'm, when you come right down to it, going to make journalism my life-work, May. I'm going to give it the once over and try it a whirl, but it all depends. I may not keep at it long."

That, although he did not know it, was the truest thing Fenderton Roper ever said. Time—and it was a very small division of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Yes, and about my lateness this morning, Mr. Higgins. I'll have to explain that I had a social call that simply had to be made."

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache	Colds	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

time—proved he was right. He did not keep at journalism long.

To everyone in the Roper family, except Fenderton Roper himself, Fenderton had been and was still something of a problem. He was, in a sense, a forceful youth, the sense being that he was eternally forcing himself and his views upon others—particularly upon older persons—to the great annoyance of one and all.

QUITE often very gentle tempered elderly gentlemen said, after bearing Fenderton for a few minutes, "I'd like to kick that unmannerly cub a good one!" He was the sort of youth who would interrupt General Pershing to tell him how the great war should have been handled, explaining things eagerly and with the utmost good nature, but never pausing.

Fenderton's father was conscious that in Fenderton he had a problem. There was no doubt that the boy had a good heart and enormous vim, but he also had all the conceit in the world and a little imported from Mars. Fenderton was always right, and knew he was right, and said so. He was a large boy and, without taking too much time to check up the minor details, it might be said he resembled a large and smiling war tank with caterpillar wheels and no steering apparatus and no brakes, but with triple power motors and a continuous action steam siren. Such a tank is more or less of a nuisance, but it is even more so when it considers itself a natural born genius.

By the time Fenderton had flunked out of many of the reputable preparatory schools and been kicked out of the rest, his father became a little irritated, and he told Mrs. Roper that that was enough and all there was to it—Fenderton would have to go to work. Fenderton was willing—he was always willing to give a thing the once over—but the difficulty was to find a man whom Mr. Roper could cow sufficiently to accept Fenderton on any terms.

After work equal to finding Lake Albert Nyanza or reaching the south pole, Mr. Roper made a dicker with Mr. Ilderman, the owner of the Westcote *Intelligencer*. It was a simple dicker, too. After suggesting to Mr. Ilderman that times were such that he might have to foreclose the mortgage he held on the *Intelligencer* plant, Mr. Roper mentioned that he was trying to find a job for Fenderton and said the money part did not matter. If Mr. Ilderman would take Fenderton and put him on the pay roll Mr. Roper would reduce the interest on the mortgage from six to five and one-half per cent, which would come to twenty-five dollars a week.

"Send the boy around and I'll give him a job," Ilderman said instantly. "He can be an employee of the *Intelligencer* as long as he likes. I know Fenderton—mostly by hearsay—but we have some mighty raw specimens on the *Intelligencer*. Mighty raw! Send him around tomorrow morning at nine, and tell him to ask for Higgins. Higgins will put him at something or another."

That evening, about one hour after midnight, Fenderton returned home from a social engagement with one of the younger set (female) and his father called him into the library.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be getting in!" he said. "What did you do to the car this time?"

"Well, it's nothing but the mud guard. One of these boobs that don't know how to drive——"

"All right, if it's only the mud guard. Now, listen to me. Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock you're going down to the *Intelligencer* and go to work. You'll get twenty-five dollars a week. You ask for Mr. Higgins and he'll tell you what to do. Get up to bed."

FENDERTON took a cigarette from his pocket case and tapped it on his thumb. He lighted a match by chipping it with the nail of his thumb and inhaled some of the sweet smoke from his initialed cigarette.

"Going into politics, dad?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Going into——! What th'——!" sputtered Mr. Roper.

"Sticking me into the *Intelligencer*, I mean," said Fenderton, dropping into an easy chair and crossing his ankles, which were sweet in their thin silk socks. "Scheme to swing them for you, I mean, dad. They can't knock you if I'm on the job, huh? Not so worse, either—what are you after, the governorship? Now, as man to man, if you get it I can help you a lot——"

Mr. Roper glared at his son.

"Now, none of your swell-headedness with me!" he exclaimed. "I'm putting you in that job to keep you busy, and that's all. If you won't go to school you've got to go to work."

"Have it your own way, boss," said Fenderton in the tone of a man who knows what he knows but understands it must not be talked about for weighty reasons. "I'm silent."

"And you be on the job at nine o'clock," said Mr. Roper sternly. "I told Ilderman you'd be there."

"Nine it is," agreed Fenderton gayly.

"Get up to bed, then!"

"Soon as I give this magazine the once over," said Fenderton, and when Mr. Roper had glared at his son a moment longer he went to bed himself. Fenderton went to the humidor and took one of his father's fat black cigars and ensconced himself in his father's chair and put his feet on the

library table. A little after two o'clock, feeling sleepy, he went to bed.

II.

INSIDE the *Intelligencer* door Fenderton looked in at the wicket window. The three young lady employees were busy with a topic of conversation and did not look around, and Fenderton took a half dollar from his pocket and rapped sharply on the wicket window sill.

"Come now! Come now, girls! A little attention, please!" he commanded. "Business first. You can give the scandals the once over when you're through with me."

One of the girls came to the window.

"What is it, please?" she asked primly.

"My name is Roper—Fenderton Roper," said the new employee of the *Intelligencer*.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I don't believe I can do anything about it," said the girl, and Fenderton instantly thought, "A peach! We're going to get better acquainted."

"That means nothing in your young life, huh?" asked Fenderton. "Well, it will, sister—it will! I am the new employee here."

"Say, Ann," said the pretty girl, turning her head toward the others, "here's a new one fresh from the cradle—very fresh, I'll tell the world! What are you going to do, boy? Carry papers?"

Fenderton grinned. He could understand and appreciate this bright repartee; it was his own variety.

"Little Fenderton registers a death agony," he said. "Heroine sticks her claws in him. End of reel one. One minute, please. But, listen, kid—I'm new to this joint. Where do I find old Hig?"

"You mean Mr. Higgins? First door left, through there."

Fenderton passed on, his cane swinging nattily from the crook of his elbow. He wondered whether he would make a better impression on Higgins if he entered with a lighted cigarette in his mouth, but decided that it was not worth the bother; his appearance would be sufficiently impressive. Higgins, after all, was merely a fellow employee. Fenderton pushed past the swinging door and went through Higgins' always open door.

The editor of the *Intelligencer*, which was an afternoon paper, was busily pounding the keys of a typewriter with his forefingers. The ink was purple and very dim and the paper was ordinary newsprint paper. As Fenderton stood waiting for the editor to look up he read, over Higgins' shoulder, what Higgins was writing. His instant impression was that Higgins was not so much. Slovenly fellow. The e keys and the o keys and other keys of Higgins' machine were so dirty that they made merely round spots, all alike in appearance. In addition to this Higgins was not at all careful in hitting the keys. His intentions were good, but his execution was faulty and the lines he was just typing read something like this:

> and the encesssity for a pulbic markt in wEstcote gro2s great r daily,,, & shd have the mmediaet at ention og the authorit

"My name is Roper——" said Fenderton.

"Jussa minute! Jussa minute!" replied Higgins, his right forefinger hovering over the keys. He could not find the i, it seemed, so he skipped it as if vowels were nothing between editors and linotype operators. "Now, what is it, son? Oh, yes! You're the man Ilderman told me about. Sam Roper's boy, ain't you?"

"Yes, and about my lateness this morning, Mr. Higgins," said Fenderton, seating himself gracefully on the mess of copy paper on the corner of Higgins' desk. "I'll have to explain that I had a social call that simply had to be made. I don't suppose you think much of such things, being a man of your age, but I make it a point to keep such engagements. What I mean is I had this date with this peach to play tennis this afternoon, and I had to square myself, taking up journalism this way. I hope it hasn't upset the business of the day——"

"Upset the——" repeated Higgins blankly. "Oh, not at all! Not at all! We foresaw that you might be late. I made arrangements. Now, what the devil to give you to do——"

"Yes, I was about to speak of that when you interrupted me," said Fenderton. "I've been thinking it over, giving it quite a lot of thought, and I've just about decided that I'll take up the journalistic side of journalism. At first, anyway. So we can say, unless I change my mind, that for the present, I'll do reporting."

"Well, now, that's nice," said Higgins, "because that's just what I had in mind myself."

"Yes," said Fenderton. "The business end is all right, but I think it is apt to be sordid—scheming for the money, and all that. I may give it the once over a little later on, just to see what it is like, but not now. And I've about decided that the mere editorial work is too confining for anybody with pep—sitting at a desk all day and that sort of thing. I think, for the present, a reportorial capacity would suit me. It will get me out among people, to meet them. I think when a man is like I am it is good to take the end that gets me out in the open air most of the time."

"I think so, too," said Higgins, seriously. "When a man is like you are I want you out in the open air as much as possible. Yes."

"YES, and another thing," said Fenderton. "I've given the matter quite a little thought, and it seems to me—I mean I'm going to ask you not to call me a journalist. I mean I think we ought to begin right now and make a reform there, because it is one of the things the English do better than we do, because—after all—unless a man is working on the *Journal* there's no sense in calling him that. Calling him a journalist, I mean. Because you wouldn't think of calling yourself an intelligentsia, even if you do work for the *Intelligencer*. And that's just as sensible."

"My word!" exclaimed Higgins. "My word! But what are you getting at?"

"Well, it's just one of the reforms I think ought to be started," said Fenderton, "but we can leave the rest until some other time, when you and I can get together and talk them over, only I think this ought to begin right now. I think it ought to begin instantly, so there won't be any mistake about it and they get to calling me a journalist."

"I don't believe they will," said Higgins, softly.

"Well, no; not if we begin the reform at once," agreed Fenderton. "We might have some notices struck off and tacked up; I mean in the offices here, so everybody will begin the reform at one and the same time."

"But what reform?" asked Higgins.

"Well, I mean calling us 'pressmen' and not journalists," explained Fenderton. "They do in England. They're all called pressmen there, and to call us journalists, when we ought to be called by the good old English name, is provincial. That's just what it is, Higgins—provincial. So when you mention me, or I mention you, we'll say 'pressman.' 'Fenderton Roper is a pressman,' and not 'Fenderton Roper is a journalist.' I think it has more class."

"I'll say it has!" said Higgins, grinning. "Pressmen get more pay than journalists, as a rule, for one thing. In this country, anyway."

"There, you see!" exclaimed Fenderton. "Well—I think that's all today. I think I'll just run out and look up some news——"

He was about to depart when a new thought held him.

"Oh, I say!" he cried. "I was forgetting that! What time ought a pressman get back with his news if he's going to have it in a good place? On the first page of the paper, say."

"WELL, now, usually," said Higgins, leaning back and clasping his hands behind his head, a thing he had not done in the office for years, "usually we don't work exactly that way. It's not the rule in American newspapers. In England it may be the custom; it may be usual there for a pressman to wander off in the morning, his keen nose in the air, going whither he listeth. I don't know and can't say.

"But here we usually tell our reporters—pardon! our pressmen—where to go and what to get."

"You do! You do?" exclaimed Fenderton, then turning the exclamation into a query. "Why, that's great, ain't it! That makes it as easy as pie."

"It also," Higgins pointed out dryly, "permits the poor fish of an editor to keep some sort of tab on his elegant young majesties of pressmen. They have to show up then, once in a while. My dear pressman, do you know how many re—how many pressmen I'd need if I let them go where they wanted to and when they wanted to? I'd need five hundred thousand right here on the *Intelligencer*. And at that," he added bitterly, "I'd never see an accursed one of them except on pay day."

"Well, of course," said Fenderton, "if a chap isn't interested in—in pressmanship, he might sort of——"

"He might sort of inquire the last minute he could rush back here with the news that Mrs. J. C. Dillon of Pardington, New Jersey, is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. M. N. Goofus. Rush back madly, you understand, Fenderton, after spending the morning rushing some bobbed-haired flapper around in his dad's second best car and the afternoon batting the tennis balls around with Flapper No. 2—or No. 22, for all I care. They're too durned apt to do that anyway, even if I smear them all over with assignments. So I guess, my dear pressman, we will give you assignments for a while."

"Well, all right!" said Fenderton.

"Only I don't know what in heck to put you at just now," said Higgins. "Lift your hip a minute, will you?"

Fenderton got off the desk and Higgins rummaged in the papers there. He found one that was scribbled "Hints" at the top, and cast his eye over it. For a minute he studied this; then he checked off one of the items on it.

"Here you are," he said, pushing the paper to one side. "You ought to be able to do this without balling it all up and ruining Papa Higgins for life. From now on until who-knows-when you are Our Inquiring Reporter. Every morning you go out and tackle five different people, in five different places, and ask all five the same identical question. You get the idea? I write out a question of broad general interest, such as 'Should Westcote have a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

modern public market?' or 'Should flappers have their hair boy-cut?' and you go out and ask any five that question, and jot down the answers. Then we print 'em exactly as given, in a nice box at the top of the first page. Like this——"

He showed Fenderton a specimen, clipped from some other newspaper.

OUR INQUIRING REPORTER.

The Question.

Is it your opinion that the prevalence of bootleg liquor is the cause of the marked increase of revolt of young girls against parental authority?

The Place.

In front of the Third National Bank.

The Questioned.

Henry J. Phipps, plumber, 546 North Street.

The Answer.

"I don't know anything about it. I am not married and have no daughters, and bootleg stuff is nothing to me. Maybe, and maybe not."

Fenderton read the clipping.

"All right," he said. "I'll tackle this for you, Higgins. When do I have to be back with it to catch the first edition?"

"In the first place," said Higgins, "the *Intelligencer* manages to get out just one edition, which is first, last, and middle. In the second place, this Inquiring Reporter stuff is filler, and not rush stuff, and we'll run it next day. So get back before night. That's all."

"But don't you think, Higgins," said Fenderton, "that important matter like this ought to be rushed into print? Without delay, I mean? When I rush out and work like a slave, and hustle in with it——"

"Work any way you thundering well please," said Higgins, "and hustle your head off, for all I care. You have five Inquiring Reporter answers on this desk tomorrow morning! That's all I'm interested in. But see that you have them here. If you don't, you're fired!"

"Yes, sir," said Fenderton, suddenly realizing that there might be something in this Higgins he had not guessed before. "And what question shall I ask today?"

"Oh, ask the one on that clipping!" said Higgins carelessly, and he pushed his head forward to see what he had written last and began tapping the keys of his typewriter with his forefingers.

III.

AS Fenderton Roper stepped grandly forth from the *Intelligencer* office he felt that he was now fixed for life if he chose it to be so. After a brief but glorious period as a reporting pressman—in order to learn the ropes—he would, if he liked the business, rag his father into buying the *Intelligencer* for him.

And not a bad life, what? He would then give the paper a little attention, create a Sunday edition now lacking, run in it eight sheets of brown-tone pictures and four pages of colored comics.

The good old *Intelligencer* he would fill up with hot stuff and full page advertisements of department stores and make a power in American politics. Probably he would have to change the name to something snappier, such as the *Tiger* or the *Dictator*, with his own name invariably appearing on the heading, "Fenderton Roper, Owner."

He remembered he had not asked for a note book and he stopped in at the stationer's next door and bought a neat little vest pocket one, genuine morocco leather, for a dollar and forty cents. Leaning on the stationer's counter, with his cane in the crook of his arm, he copied the Inquiring Reporter's query on the first page: Is it your opinion that the prevalence of bootleg liquor is the cause of the marked increase of revolt of young girls against parental authority?

He was now ready to begin his career as a pressman in earnest. He walked to the corner of Main and Forest Streets and jotted that location in his book, using the solid silver pencil he had recently picked up on his father's desk. He then glanced up and down the street, seeking to choose an interesting person as the first to ask his question. He allowed two small boys to pass in one direction and a negro woman with a washing in a baby carriage to pass in the other, but the next person seemed to be worth asking.

In appearance the approaching citizen was a man of substance and forcefulness, and something vaguely familiar in his face suggested to Fenderton that the man was important in some way. He was rather hefty in size and was coming toward the corner of Main and Forest at quite a hurried pace, like a man who had missed one train for the city and had hardly time to catch the next. Such a man, Fenderton said to himself, would be sure to give a brief and important answer to any question. He would snap it out and be on his way. Everything inclined Fenderton to ask the question of this man; Fenderton's innate ego itself always inclined him to interrupt persons who were intent on other matters, and the man's creased forehead and rapid pace suggested that he was very much intent on some other matter.

"One minute, please!" said Fenderton, and he stepped in front of James Wotters. "I want to ask you a question."

MR. WOTTERS was, in the way of business, a dealer in coal in carload lots only, selling to factories, and he had recently moved to Westcote. Before becoming a coal dealer in New York he had been a mine superintendent or something of the sort, in Pennsylvania, in a section where rather hard drinking was the rule. Mr. Wotters had been too fond of liquor. There were weeks when he had been quite filled with liquor from Monday till Sunday night, running over into the next week, but he never showed it much until he became positively stupefied. Then he passed out instantly and knew no more for a solid twenty-four hours.

As a mine superintendent he had been a loud and hearty sort, hail fellow with his men, and he loved to mingle with them and show them how the heavier and harder jobs should be done. He had muscles to make a draft ox jealous, both in his legs and in his arms, and he liked to use them.

Mr. Wotters also had a hasty and violent temper. The slightest things would often make him frightfully angry. It was often said by those who knew him best that some day Jim Wotters would murder someone in one of his rages. They said he was liable to hit someone in the face and break his neck, or pick him up and throw him against a lamp-post and break his backbone, thus killing him.

Mr. Wotters often flew into these rages when he was drinking, but he flew into them far more often during the periods when he was swearing off for good and all. Under pressure from Mrs. Wotters, who had a bitter tongue and a meanish disposition, he swore off for good and all far too frequently for a man who becomes irritated when he feels the desire for liquor coming on him.

A week or two since, possibly eighteen days, Mr. Wotters had sworn off for good and all again, but Fenderton Roper did not know this as he stood on the corner with his notebook in his hand and his cane over his arm. If he had known that Mr. Wotters had been growing more and more irritable every day for two weeks he might not have selected Mr. Wotters to ask a question of. But, as has been said, he stepped in front of him and said:

"One minute, please! I want to ask you a question."

IT is wonderful how Youth calls to Youth. You may have a daughter and hide her in a convent for years, and the moment she is out she will be surrounded by young men. Or, like Mr. Wotters, you may be a newcomer to Westcote, but if you have a pretty daughter the young fellows will learn it in some mysterious way and presently be ringing the doorbell. It is really amazing how young fellows discover and meet pretty girls so quickly. Fenderton Roper, for instance, had not been home for two days before he met a real little peach of a girl whose name he thought was Walters, or Witters, or something of the sort. Anyway, it was Marion, and she was a dream.

The first evening that he called at the Wotters home he asked for Miss Marion and stayed half an hour. The second time he stayed an hour and a half. After that, not caring much for Marion's mother, he took the girl for short spins in the auto.

At midnight, the night before Fenderton Roper became a pressman on the *Intelligencer*, Mr. Wotters said to his wife something like, "Oh, for cat's sake, shut up!"

"I will not shut up!" said Mrs. Wotters. "I will tell you, Jim Wotters, what I mean to tell you, and I dare you to shut me up! A nice thing it is, my daughter staying out until all hours of the night with who-knows-who? And I told her positively to be in at ten—ten at the very latest. And now it is twelve, and no telling where she is or when she'll be in. Paying no more attention to what I tell her than if I didn't exist. I have not the slightest authority over her any more, and you have less."

Mr. Wotters listened to another hour of this. At times Mrs. Wotters wept and at times she practically screamed with hysterics, but most of the time she was cuttingly honest in her statements to Mr. Wotters.

"And you know very well why it is your daughter is going to ruin, James Wotters. It's your eternal drinking—your bootleg liquor. Nothing but drink, drink, drink; and it's no wonder my daughter behaves as she does. That's all you think of—your bootleg liquor. You let your business go to wrack and ruin, and your daughter fall into the hands of these unscrupulous young devils, and you sit and sop up your bootleg stuff, and that's all you care for. I tell you, I'm through, James Wotters! Tomorrow I go home to my mother and take my daughter, and you can stew in your bootleg liquor. I'll not have it ruining my child!"

Mr. Wotters' nerves were in no condition to hear such talk placidly. They were in no condition to hear anything unpleasant whatever. He stood it until a quarter to one, and then his nerves and his real anxiety for his daughter got the best of him and he began breaking the furniture. He did not break much, but what he did break he broke completely and heartily, shouting at the same time.

At one o'clock, or near that moment, he heard a car stop before the house and he rushed out,

The next half hour in the Wotters home was, no doubt, rather mad. There were three talking and two of them crying, at once.

but he was not in time to catch Fenderton Roper by the throat and throttle him. He was only in time to see Fenderton reach for a kiss—and miss it—as Marion pulled laughingly away from him and jumped from the car, and to see Fenderton's face very clearly in the light of the street lamp. Then Fenderton stepped on the gas and was gone.

The next half hour in the Wotters home was, no doubt, rather mad. There were three talking and two of them crying, at once, and two neighbors telephoned the police, who came and rang the doorbell and wanted to know if someone was being killed.

The next morning, when Mr. Wotters got out of bed, he found that his wife and daughter had indeed gone away, probably to his wife's mother's. It was the work of picking up the broken pieces of furniture that made him miss his usual train to the city. He hastened down Main Street with his head lowered and his hands twitching open and shut.

"One minute, please!" said Fenderton Roper, pressman, stepping in front of James Wotters. "I want to ask you a question."

Mr. Wotters looked up and gasped. He had not expected such luck in a life that seemed all askew. He drew a deep breath and doubled his large, horny hand into a hard fist as Fenderton Roper, pressman, daintily shifted his cane to the other elbow and raised the morocco-covered notebook.

"Is it your opinion," queried Fenderton Roper, "that the prevalence of bootleg liquor is the cause of the marked increase of revolt of young girls against parental authority?"

FOR one moment only Mr. Wotters stared at Fenderton Roper in absolute amazement. Then he leaped. The rest need not be told. You have already guessed that at the next succeeding moment Fenderton Roper gave up all idea of being a pressman at once and forever. As he told May Middleton, he did not seem to care for it much.

"You don't meet the right kind of people," he told her. "I gave it the once over, but it's no sort of thing to make a life-work of."

"But, say, Fenny, was it so? What I mean, that somebody pounded you 'most to death? Did they, Fenny?"

Fenderton tapped a monogrammed cigarette on his thumbnail.

"You mean the fellow I asked a question and he wouldn't answer it and so I got mad and soaked him a couple in the eye? Say, listen, May, I like your hair bobbed that way; it makes you look swell."

"Do you think so, Fenny?" May Middleton asked, beaming eagerly. "I'm awfully glad. But, Fenny, did a man——"

"Well, I gotta go in here," said Fenderton briskly. "Gotta get the poor old teeth attended to. See you later, May."

As the door he opened bore the sign "Millicent Miller, Beauty Parlor," it may be inferred that, in spite of his nonchalant air, Fenderton Roper was somewhat reluctant to dwell on his career as a pressman, and that questions regarding it upset his equanimity somewhat.

THE END

Is a Man's Past His Own?

Answering the Age-Old Question of Whether It Is Better to Keep a Secret or to Confess It and Live It Down

By HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by
JEROME ROZEN

Should a man who has done wrong confess his misdeeds?

Should an ex-convict tell of his past?

Should a person with a "past" tell husband or wife?

To whom should past guilt or indiscretion be admitted?

Prison league officials declare a person who has served time or been arrested for crime ALWAYS should tell. What do you think?

These officials say a person who has been indiscreet, but who has not been exposed, would better keep the secret, unless certain that the confession will be received in the proper spirit. Is this true?

How much of your past should you tell wife? Employer? Partner?

Probably there is something in the life of each of us we would prefer not to tell.

Read what those of long experience in reform work say.

IF YOU have committed a crime, have been convicted, or have been guilty of indiscretion or wrong, and the facts have become known to others, do not attempt to keep it secret. Tell your wife, your sweetheart, your employer, your partner, or anyone who may be interested or may be affected. It is not necessary to broadcast it to the world, but even that is better and less dangerous than concealment.

On the other hand, if you have done a wrong or been indiscreet, and you alone know it, and if you know you have reformed and never will commit such an offense again, you should keep your secret.

The welfare workers who look after former convicts say the question of whether a person should or should not tell his past depends entirely upon the person and his associates. In cases where there has been conviction or exposure at some time, of which others know, they say the case admits no argument. The proper and the only safe course is to tell those directly concerned, because they are practically sure to find out at some time.

In the cases of persons who have escaped detection, so that the secret is theirs alone, welfare officials say future conduct depends entirely upon that person's conscience.

Knowing human nature, however, they say the safest course is for a man to reform and keep the secret, rather than risk being misunderstood or suffer from unfavorable reaction on his family, especially upon wives.

Not one in a dozen persons to whom such confessions are made, it is said, can truly forgive and understand. In theory, confession may be good, but in practice it is different. The man who confesses to his wife that in his youth he had an affair with another woman may receive lip forgiveness, but later will discover that he is not forgiven entirely. The wife who makes a like confession is not forgiven once in a thousand times—and then not completely, according to sociological experts.

Trying to hide the facts is more dangerous than is believed. I talked to a man released recently from imprisonment for a crime which thousands commit, but at which he was caught. In his bitterness, he spoke as follows:

"There is always some ghoul who will tell. A man who has served time never ceases to serve time.

"I determined to make a clean breast of my experience in seeking employment. I was guilty and should have been punished, although tens of thousands of men take the same chance and never are caught. I asked for work. The way employers' faces changed when I told them I had served time was sufficient. I tried to get a job without mentioning my imprisonment. The first job lasted three months; then a man recognized me, and told someone in the shop. Inside of a week everyone knew I was an ex-con. The boss told me they were laying off men, and I understood.

"The next job lasted five months, with the same result. I was bitter, ready to commit some other crime, when the Prison Association found a man who would take me, knowing my past. He knows everything and still trusts me, and that does more to 'reform' a man than anything else."

The mental agony of those who fear their sins will find them out is worse than punishment. According to sociological experts, the man or woman with a "past" lives always in a half shadow. First, he fears some slip of his own will betray him. Second, he fears someone will recognize him and spread the blighting gossip among his fellows—and, worse, he fears the blackmailer.

The amount of blackmail levied by these vultures in human form, and the fact that, ultimately, the secret becomes known, usually because after preying upon a victim until he can pay no more the blackmailers expose him, strengthens the argument of the Prison Association that it is better for the wrongdoer to make a clean breast of all at the beginning.

The blackmail toll in New York City alone—in cases that have become known—runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars, while the

"There is always some ghoul who will tell. A man who has served time never ceases to serve time."

total levied in the large cities of this country runs into millions of dollars, according to the students of criminology. In one New York case a man who had committed a youthful indiscretion paid more than half a million dollars to a band of blackmailers before, in desperation, he appealed to the police.

That such organized bands work in the large cities is well known to police officials, but the number of cases in which one person, learning the secret of another, extorts blackmail never can be known, as they are only revealed when the victim kills himself or is compelled to plead for police protection. Speaking of this, a prominent New York police official remarked grimly.

"I would say twenty-five thousand persons in this city are paying blackmail in some form. My advice to them all is to refuse to pay one cent and to defy the blackmailers after notifying the police."

"We do not speak of criminals," said E. R. Cass, general secretary of the Prison Association of New York, New York's oldest charitable organization. "Our experience is that those who are referred to as 'criminals' are merely the poor fish unlucky enough to get caught. Hundreds who have done wrong, who have committed acts which would have placed them in the same position, remain at liberty. That fact makes the question of whether a man should confess his transgressions or not a wide one.

"There is a case here now in point. A man organized a company and sold perfectly worthless stock to many poor victims, stock in a gold mine within the limits of New York. He was convicted. He claimed he and his associates had faith that there was gold in the property, and that he and his associates are still of that opinion.

"You cannot expect him, or one in his position, to confess and arm the prosecution by saying they intended to defraud.

"But take the case of a man who has killed, or stolen, or committed some other crime. What he should do and what he does are entirely different.

"If we place a paroled man or one who has served a term for some offense in a position where he may do harm, we always inform someone of his past. We do this for his own sake, for our sake, and for the sake of the employer. It is not necessary to tell everyone in an establishment, but we inform the responsible person. If an employer knows of the past of the man and then hires him and places confidence in him. it is a great inspiration to the man to go straight.

"There is no way of telling what percentage of persons who commit crimes reform and live straight lives. Of those we try to help I believe fifty per cent are successful, although no one can tell. So far as surface indications show, the percentage is larger. Some may be cheating, and it is impossible to know everything they do."

Prison Association officials have had too much experience to believe in reforming criminals, although fifty per cent of the former convicts they help "go straight."

The confidence man, the forger, the fellow who thinks he is "outsmarting" society, practically never reforms, yet they furnish the association with the finest sob stories and the most pathetic tales of alleged innocence. Crime is their business or profession. They accept

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

aid, pretend reform, and watch for chances to commit further depredations. The man who has killed another is ten times more liable to settle down to lawful life and to try to atone than is the safecracker, the "high-class" crook, or even the pickpocket, social investigators say.

More than half the homicides are committed by men who are not criminals at heart, under stress of anger or violent passion—and sincerely regretted by the great majority. Safeblowers, confidence men, some classes of house robbers are true criminals and practically never reform. The pickpocket usually is a poor-spirited, sneaking person. Strangely enough, they are constantly "reforming," promising to "go straight," and then yielding to sudden temptation or opportunity. Few ever really quit the trade.

ONE amazing contradiction to popular belief is found in the investigation of the question of secrecy as to evil deeds—that is, that Javerts are extremely scarce in the real life of America. Contrary to the fictionists, the police rarely "hound" a man who has committed a crime and served his sentence unless he keeps bad company or lives in questionable surroundings. The police keep track of ex-convicts, and there are cases of men, sincerely striving to reform, who have been trailed and exposed by the police. These, however, are extremely rare.

Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright of New York City says:

"It is the duty of the police to know what ex-convicts are doing and to keep track of those living in their districts. But if a former convict shows he is striving sincerely to go straight the police are his best friends. They have plenty to do to handle the ones actively engaged in unlawful pursuits without wasting time on those who are trying to atone and live right."

The evidence is that a former convict, or one who has erred and felt the hand of the law, would do best if he told the police, first of all, of his record and his plans. Men, and especially those who have served prison sentences, are liable to be revengeful and distrust the police, rather than confide in them.

THE late Herman Schuettler, once chief of police in Chicago, probably had more friends among criminals than any other police official in his time. He believed firmly that criminals could and would reform, and he invited their confidence and their trust. Scores of men he arrested Schuettler placed in good positions after they served their prison sentences, and they became his most loyal friends. Few ever betrayed his confidence, and he would not permit his policemen to annoy or molest men who he believed were going along the straight path.

What prevents the majority of persons who have done wrong and been caught from telling is the fear that if they do they will not be able to secure work. Prison associations know this to be true. Tell the average employer that a man has served a sentence for some crime and he will beg off giving him a job, pleading that it "will be bad for the firm's morale." If he obtains a job without telling his past he lives under constant fear that the employer will be informed, and that he will be called in and told he is "done." It is that sort of treatment by "good" men that turns men who have been punished back to crime. The prison associations have lists of employers who have faith in the power of men to redeem themselves if given a chance. To these they tell the secret of each man's past when they seek employment, and the employers seldom tell others.

The chances of hiding such secrets are extremely slender. There is almost always some human snake crawling around to spread the venom of gossip. Men and women who have made missteps and have tried to live them down become easy victims to blackmailers after they achieve prosperity and respectable standing.

There was an instance in New Jersey not long ago which illustrates the truth of the above. A man committed a misdeed, forfeited his bonds, and disappeared. He went to a new community, and there, by industry and upright behavior, won the respect of the community, achieved wealth and high social standing. One of those human snakes learned his secret and preyed upon him. When he killed himself, rather than endure more worry and rather than face exposure, the secret came out. No modern Valjean had more tears wept for him.

Secretary Cass, who has handled thousands of cases, speaking of this one, said:

"I am not in favor of capital punishment, but nothing else would fit the case of the vermin that preyed upon that man and drove him to death."

The case shows, however, how near the impossible it is for anyone to conceal such secrets. That man might have told his secret and retained his standing and held the loyalty and admiration of his friends, but he knew the cost.

"If a man has had such an experience," says Mr. Cass, "he should tell his entire past to the woman he desires to marry. It would be unfair to her and to himself, and the risk he would run of exposure later, and the constant dread of discovery, would be worse than confession."

THE END

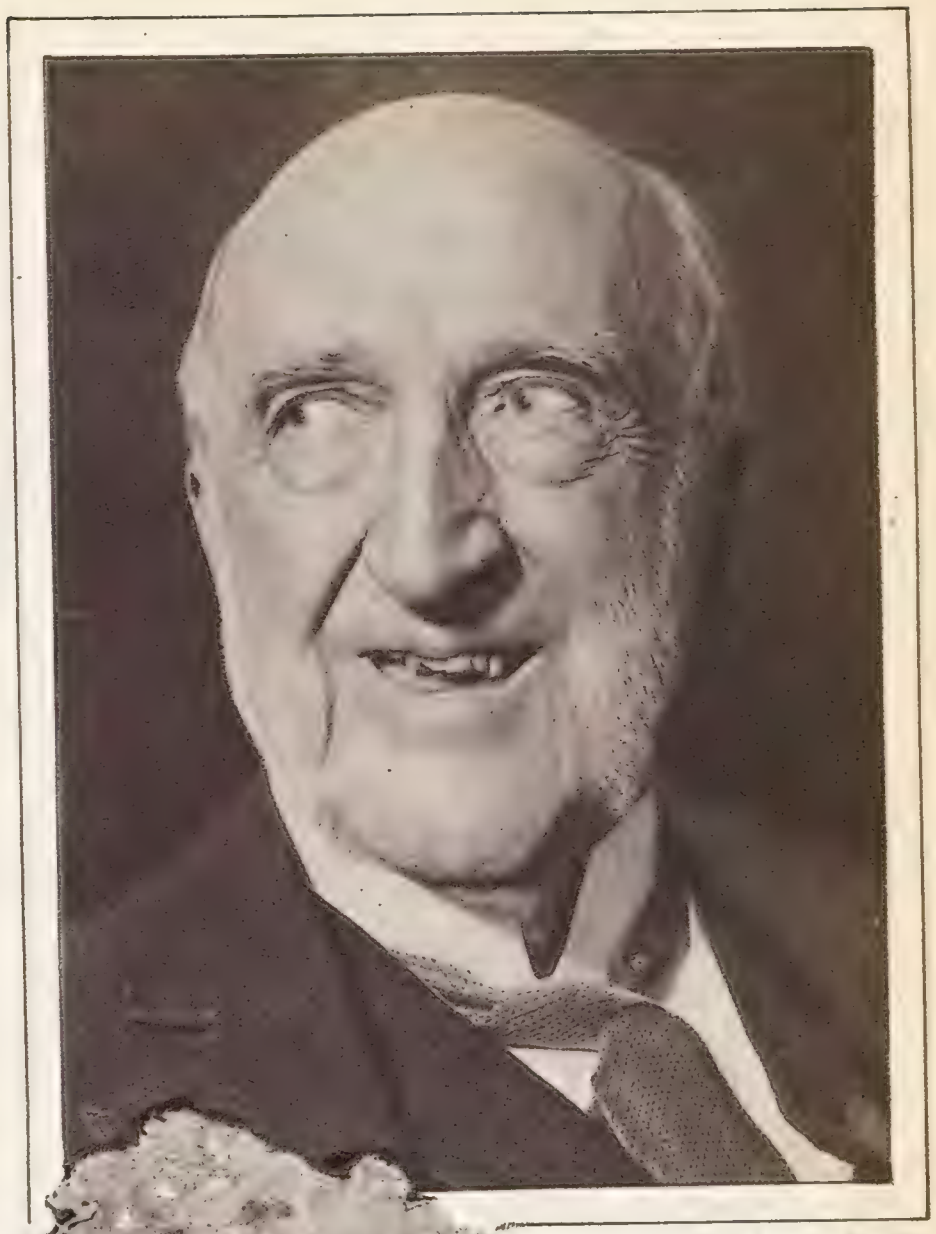
"He should tell his entire past to the woman he desires to marry."

Sparking When I *Was a* Boy

By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Picture by R. B. FULLER

New York's Ninety-Year-Old Ex-Senator Is Sorry for the Boys of Today. They Must Keep One Hand on the Steering Wheel, He Says



© Keystone View Co.

Chauncey M. Depew, whose heart grows younger as the years roll by.

We young squirts of yesterday took our girls out in the family buggies.

THE OTHER day I saw a young whipper-snapper driving along a country road in a high-powered contraption with eight cylinders. One hand was on the wheel. One arm was around a girl beside him.

"The young fools," gritted my companion. "Don't they know they're liable to run into something and be killed?"

"They won't," I responded. "Now, when I was young——"

But, by that time, the loving pair had disappeared down the broad highway. I did not put into words what I had intended saying. It would have taken my companion back into distant years . . . seventy-odd years to the days when I was a lad, sparking the girls.

The young fellows of today are handicapped. They have to keep one hand on the wheel of the automobile. We young squirts of yesterday took our girls out in the family buggies, tossed the reins over the dashboards, and started from scratch—with no handicaps.

Seventy-odd years ago——

We took the girls to church on Sunday evenings. We sat and we held hands while the minister was preaching. We made calf eyes at each other while singing the hymns, and after church it was a walk home in the moonlight, to the lilting accompaniment of croaking frogs and chirping crickets. If a girl liked a fellow in those days she invited him indoors after the walk; if she didn't, he took the short-cut home so the townspeople wouldn't see him and chuckle:

"Well, Mary gave Harry the mitten."

We didn't have dances, movies, theaters, and the other diversions which are now so commonplace. Those amusements of today were yesterday's wicked thoughts.

When I was a young squirt we had lecture courses. One week it would be Ralph Waldo Emerson; another week it would be Oliver Wendell Holmes, or Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, or that famous old temperance lecturer, John B. Goff.

I recall one night when the young lady I thought to be the prettiest girl in Peekskill (that is, at that particular time I thought so, although, later, she faded in the sunlight of another's charms) was with me.

One of the city dudes from New York had come to Peekskill a few days previously. He also had become a pest to the village boys. City manners, city clothes, city ways, city small talk of the wicked opera. . . . Peekskill girls were crazy over him. What made me crazy was that he picked out my girl as a focus for his attentions. Being in charge of the lecture course that night, I was kept busy attending to details, and this city dude kept himself busy with my girl.

I had fully intended taking her home, but as I watched from a point of vantage I saw myself being hopelessly cut out. I saw the silly smirks of the other girls—intended for me—and the worded condolences of the village companions didn't help at all.

There I stood . . . miserable in jealousy and horror.

BUT it is out of the chaos of despondency that brilliant thoughts sometimes come.

My girl's father, like all old men, had a hobby. His hobby was in reciting his personal opinion as to the cause of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. The recitation of his personal findings always required an hour of patient listening. That is, if you didn't interrupt him. If you asked questions—heavens, it was an evening gone! I knew that from experience.

After the lecture I hastened to where a little group was standing—my girl, her father, and that city dude.

"By the way, Mr. S.," I offered, "have you ever told Mr. B. (indicating my city rival) of the real reason for Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo? I know he would be interested."

The old man's eyes sparkled.

"Really, now, Chauncey, I'm glad you reminded me of that. I don't believe I have taken up that matter with this young man. I'll do so. Step this way, sir, and you will learn something that will be of use to you."

He took my rival by the arm and led him aside. I took my girl by the arm and led her home.

I never saw him afterward. Guess he made up his mind that a country bumpkin wasn't so short on ideas, after all.

Then there was boating on the Hudson. That was another place where we had it all over the youngster of today who takes his girl out in a motor boat. Today's youngster has a lot of things to worry about, to distract him. We young fellows in Peekskill, when I was a boy, just grabbed the family rowboat, shoved it out into the stream, and let her drift. Sometimes it drifted into matrimony.

As I recall it, I was well along into manhood before I really learned what oars were for.

Which just goes to show, as I said in the beginning, that boys and girls are always the same. The environment is different; that is all. Today the young fellow on the East Side takes his girl to a dance; the young fellow from Fifth Avenue takes his girl to a ball. The same thing—the East Side clinches and the West Side hugs. What's the difference?

THE END

CERTIFYING ADVERTISING EFFECTIVENESS

Liberty's net paid circulation is now more than

900,000

January 31, 1925, exceeded . . 800,000 net paid

November, 1924, exceeded . . 700,000 net paid

September, 1924, exceeded . . . 600,000 net paid

May, 1924, exceeded . . . . . 500,000 net paid

More than 900,000 magazine buyers go to their local newsstands and lay down their 900,000 nickels for their weekly Liberty—*because they want to read it.*

Nine hundred thousand net paid in nine months on sheer merit! No price cutting, clubbing offers, premiums to subscribers or other circulation crutches.

This is the public's answer to a clean, live, human weekly.

Advertisers now appearing in Liberty bought this 900,000 net paid on the basis of the 700,000 or the 600,000 or the 500,000 rate—depending on which rate adjustment they anticipated.

NEW RATES ARE INEVITABLE!

5c **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

NEARING ITS FIRST MILLION

What Mrs. Coolidge *Does* with Her Days

By WINIFRED MALLON

The Honor of Being the First Lady of the Land Is Unquestioned. But How Would You Like to Be Followed Everywhere by Secret Service Men, and Be So Busy That an Occasional Shopping Trip Is a Treat?

Part Two of a Series,
Behind the Scenes at the White House

P. & A. Photo

Mrs. Coolidge goes shopping with Mrs. F. W. Stearns. Although storekeepers are glad to send articles to the White House for approval, the wife of the President prefers to "look around" whenever she has the time.

AT HER first diplomatic reception, after becoming the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Coolidge wore white satin and carried a bouquet of white roses, tucked into the curve of her arm, as she stood in the receiving line.

"She looks like a debutante"; "No, a bride," women were saying to one another, and some of them even told her so, at which she laughed and flushed like a girl.

She actually looks younger than she did either as a bride or in the early years of her married life, judging from the photographs taken at the time. For one thing, Mrs. Coolidge is much more slender now than in those days. She speaks of that dark past in which she was "actually fat" as one who has escaped from bondage. She feels much better now that she is thinner, she says frankly, and finds it any amount easier to "move about quickly."

Move about quickly she certainly does. Few if any White House mistresses ever accomplished as much in each twenty-four hours. But not a day passes in which Mrs. Coolidge does not manage to slip in a brisk walk—either a definite constitutional or a shopping expedition on foot along F Street or up Connecticut Avenue.

It is almost the only personal preference she is able to indulge, for Mrs. Coolidge now lives according to a schedule hardly less rigorous than that of the President himself.

With less responsibility and only a fraction of the present demands upon her, Mrs. Coolidge, in her Vice Presidential days, enjoyed a freedom which is far from being hers today.

She "loves to dance," and as the wife of the Vice President she did, though Mr. Coolidge did not. He has never danced. Since entering the White House Mrs. Coolidge has attended but two balls, at which she did not dance at all, her part in the festivities being confined to receiving in their box during the half hour she and the President remained as guests of honor.

MRS. COOLIDGE greatly enjoys swimming, and used to go frequently in winter to the pool in the Young Women's Christian Association building, and in summer to swimming parties at Mrs. John B. Henderson's, whose pool is one of the delights of the younger set through the long, hot Washington summers. She has not been in swimming once during the last year, and has gone to the theater less than half a dozen times all told.

Admitting that it is a more gratifying thing to be the wife of the President than of the Vice President of the United States, it is, nevertheless, a fact that there is a lot more hard work attached to it and not nearly as much fun.

At that, Mrs. Coolidge gets a good deal of fun out of her life in the White House. Gay and witty, with a keen sense of humor, she has the happy faculty of extracting enjoyment from everything in life that comes along, whether it be a shopping trip, a football game, John Barrymore in Hamlet, the circus, a trip down the river—which, regardless of wind or weather, is the favorite outdoor sport of the entire Coolidge family—or just a swing around the Speedway.

ALTHOUGH merchants ask for the privilege of sending their wares to the White House for her inspection, Mrs. Coolidge prefers to go shopping for herself and make her selections on the spot. She buys practically all her clothes in Washington, wearing nothing which is extreme in cut or finish. She loves color, particularly red and the deeper shades of rose, and she likes, also, henna, warm

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

© U. & U.

Secret Service men accompany the Coolidges even to church! Here the watchful guardians may be seen to right and left, keeping themselves in the background, but ready to spring to the front if needed. Others are stationed unobtrusively in the vicinity to watch the crowd and the congregation.

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Will Pay

$50,000

for an IDEA *for* Her

For Full Particulars See Next Week's

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Don't Miss This Sensational Offer! Order Next Week's Liberty *In Advance*—from Your Newsdealer.

Mrs. Coolidge's hostess at swimming parties—Mrs. John B. Henderson, widow of the late Senator from Missouri. Mrs. Henderson's Washington home boasts a swimming pool which is a center of attraction for fashionable Washington in summer.

© Harris & Ewing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

browns, and yellow. But she never wears black except for mourning.

Her costumes for every occasion are fashioned of the most beautiful materials, along the straight lines so well suited to her slender figure, and are trimmed very little, if at all. Usually she wears only costume jewelry: chains, necklaces, or earrings to match her dresses or supply a touch of color. Sometimes she wears a long pearl necklace, and always one lovely diamond ring—two, on occasion—and of late a pin of pearls, diamonds, and rubies forming the shield of the United States.

MRS. COOLIDGE is a familiar figure in the shopping district, occasionally accompanied by one of her secretaries, Miss Laura Harlan or Miss Mary Randolph, or by Mrs. Frank W. Stearns of Boston, when that close friend is a White House guest, and always, of course, a Secret Service man.

Ever since the President and Mrs. Coolidge arrived at Rutland summer before last on their way to Washington, to find awaiting them the special train and guard of attaches and Secret Service men without which protection no President and his wife may travel, or even walk abroad, two Secret Service men have been within a few feet of the President. The one assigned to Mrs. Coolidge accompanies her everywhere and stands behind her even at receptions in the White House.

From four to six Secret Service men are always in evidence when the President and Mrs. Coolidge go out together, and there is never a time in or out of the White House when these guardians in plain clothes, seen and unseen, are not on duty.

If friends accompany the President or Mrs. Coolidge, the men drop a few paces to the rear and follow, unobtrusively but vigilantly, ready to range alongside at the first intimation that their services are needed. If otherwise unaccompanied, the President walks between the two men on duty with him.

Mrs. Coolidge takes her walks, as she takes everything in life, joyously and with infectious good spirits, smiling and bowing right and left to the friends she knows, and those she may not personally know but who gladly avail themselves of the privilege that is theirs to bow or raise their hats to the wife of the President.

Since the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo, the safeguards surrounding the President and his family have been redoubled. On any public occasion the way is cleared for them, and they pass through any crowd or group of people preceded, followed, and flanked at right and left by Secret Service men.

At church the same precautions are observed. When the service is over the congregation remains in its place until the White House party passes down the aisle and out of the door. Then, however, the churchgoers leave with great promptness, the advance guard usually arriving on the sidewalk in time to see the President, his wife, and their guests, if any, enter their automobiles to return to the White House.

The change from horses and carriages to automobiles was made when the Taft administration came in, and a touring car, a limousine and a landaulet now are maintained for the President's family. There are also cars in the White House garage for the President's secretary and for the Secret Service men, who accompany him sometimes in cars and sometimes on motorcycles.

SINCE the tragedy at Buffalo no man with his hands in his pockets or concealed by a coat thrown over his arm, and no woman with her hands in her muff, may approach the President and his wife, at a reception or elsewhere. Unconscious offenders hear a request murmured in their ears by an unobtrusive gentleman, standing beside the line, to let their hands be seen, a request with which any well disposed person is only too ready to comply.

© U. & U.

The First Lady and the White House dogs—Rob Roy, the white collie, and Laddie Buck, the Airedale. They are watching as Mrs. Coolidge talks to a disabled World War veteran.

However irksome such surveillance may be—no President likes it and President Roosevelt hated it—experience has proved it to be a necessity inseparable from the Presidency.

Mrs. Coolidge has grown accustomed to taking her "shadow" with her even on shopping trips, though she still laments the fact that the President no longer has time to accompany her. She once admitted, laughingly, that in the matter of choosing her clothes her husband was "a great help," the rumor that he selected his wife's wardrobe for her having preceded the Coolidges to Washington. She expressed, however, the fear that as President Mr. Coolidge might have less time to help her shop, and events have proved her fears to be only too well grounded. It is a very real distress to her that she and Mr. Coolidge have so little time together.

Mrs. Coolidge's social secretary—Miss Laura Harlan, daughter of the late Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Miss Harlan served Mrs. Harding in the same capacity.

© Harris & Ewing

When they can get away, the President and Mrs. Coolidge like to go on board the Presidential yacht, the Mayflower, for week-end cruises down the Potomac and back. These escapes from routine are rare and appreciated treats. Sometimes they are family affairs, and at other times from two to twenty guests are entertained on board.

The dinner hour, except for state dinner parties, is seven o'clock. State dinners are served at eight. The guests begin to arrive by seven-thirty.

WHEN alone or having only house guests or a few others with them, the President and Mrs. Coolidge dine in the private dining room. Immediately afterward they go upstairs, the men to the President's study, formerly the cabinet room, and the women of the party with Mrs. Coolidge to the oval sitting room. This is one of the most charming rooms in the White House, made comfortable and homelike by a cheerful open fireplace, as are all the White House rooms. Bookcases line the walls of this oval chamber. Flowers brighten it and in it stands the piano, closed now, at which Mrs. Coolidge played accompaniments for her boys when they practiced on their violins. Here, too, is a favorite nook of Rob Roy, the white Collie, the special pet of Mrs. Coolidge, and her devoted and well-nigh inseparable companion.

Except when state entertainments are in progress, the White House is quiet by eleven o'clock, only the great square lantern in the portico throwing its broad beams steadily through the night across the lawn and bringing out the white and classic dignity of the columns gleaming softly in the darkness.

The cost of maintaining the President and his family in the White House, in a manner consistent with such an exalted office, is heavy. It involves a multitude of items, all of which will be described in the third and final installment of this series, in an early issue, called White House Hospitality and Its Cost.

AUDACITY WINS 'EM

By

Elizabeth Jordan

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

"Well, Esther, where do we go from here?" he inquired.

I.

ARNOLD made a work of art of his evening tie, gave his shining hair a final pass with the palms of his hands, and turned from the mirror with a complacent grin at his chum. Belden, astride of a chair and smoking a cigarette as he idly watched the other, returned the grin admiringly. He was telling himself, as he had so often done before, that Dick was a very devil of a fellow.

Dick was efficiency personified in every task he undertook, even the task of dressing in record time for a formal dinner. No slaughtered ties for him, no rushing about looking for garments he had mislaid, no diving under bureaus for dropped studs or collar buttons, no disorder after he had finished.

No wasted gestures lying about the place, either. A plunge into the tub, two minutes of splashing, a spring on to the bath mat, the sound of energetic rubbing, and then, with incredible swiftness, the donning of one fresh garment after another—silk underwear, silk socks, shining pumps, everything reached by a single motion of a hand which could have found it in the dark.

And behold! in exactly twelve minutes, an immaculate and perfectly dressed young man ready to go forth to dinner, leaving the bathroom and dressing room as orderly in appearance as when he had entered them. Belden liked to watch the exhibition and to time it, because it was such a perfect thing of its kind. He admired perfection because he himself fell so far short of it.

How he could have selected a pal so lacking in most things puzzled Belden. A thing still harder to understand was why, after two years of sharing bachelor quarters with Arnold and watching his stride, Belden himself hadn't taken on more of the other's qualities. He admired them enough. He had even had spurts of emulating some of them—but the spurts had been flashes in the pan.

Tonight, as always, the quality he most envied Arnold was his way with the girls. Some time, when the moment was exactly right, he meant to ask Arnold a few leading questions about that way. He had a very special reason for wanting pointers—and what was the use of having a pal who was a Ph.D. on the subject if one couldn't get some help from him in a crisis of one's own?

BUT now, even as these thoughts crossed Belden's mind, Dick suddenly dropped into a chair, opened the case he had retrieved, selected a cigarette, lit it, and, settling back on the end of his spine, drew in a mouthful of smoke and expelled it in a series of widening rings.

"Eight minutes to the good," he said. "Now, what's this thing you've got on your chest?"

Belden stared at him. The minute that was exactly right was here—in fact, eight of them were here; but his first sensation was amazement, and his next was one of unpreparedness.

"I haven't said there was anything," he began.

"Of course you haven't, you old idiot," Arnold good humoredly conceded. "You didn't need Interrogation points have been sticking out over you for the last month and you've been seet ing like a suppressed volcano. So don't was time skidding around the subject. Get down brass tacks."

That was like Dick. He didn't seem hurri yet he made one understand that there were or seven minutes more. Belden was in a men panic.

"It isn't so darned easy to put into words," muttered.

"All right. Suppose I help you out. It's abo Maud Phillips, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Not making much headway, are you?"

"No-o." Arnold was certainly wonderful. Ho the dickens did he know all that?

"What's your trouble?" Dick asked the que tion casually, head far back, eyes on his smo rings. That made it a little easier. If he'd be staring right at one with the twinkle his ey usually held it would have been impossible go on.

"I don't know. That's what I wanted you

A Short Story for Young Men Who Are Afraid of the Girls!

me. You know her, and you know me. I'll
ou've been taking in everything, for nothing
away from you," Belden ruefully admitted.
—well—why the devil aren't we making any
way?"

NOLD turned his brown eyes on his friend
with an unusual quality of thoughtfulness in
lance. Belden was a clever chap, a chap good
ok at, and a bear for work, but clearly it
such as he who bolstered the prevailing rumor
men didn't understand women. Dick exhaled
her series of rings, while his friend watched
anxiously.

Well, to begin with," Arnold said, judiciously,
u've complicated things for yourself by fall-
n love with the wrong sort of girl—the wrong
for you, I mean," he hastily added, as his
d started.

don't want to hurt your feelings, old man,"
ent on, his eyes now on the burning end of
cigarette, "but if I talk at all, I've got to
straight." He settled lower on his spine,
ed his hands behind his head in what was
t attitude of his, and went on dogmatically.

"Things have changed a whole lot in the last ten years, but, take it from me, girls have changed more than anything else. Men have changed, too, because they've had to; and what we used to call 'courtship' has changed most of all."

"I suppose you think you're getting somewhere with all this," the audience restively submitted. One of the few flaws in Dick, Belden reflected, was his tendency to generalize and philosophize when one wanted to keep to cases.

"I'm getting to you," Dick assured him, "and I'm telling you frankly, old chap, something you don't know. So far as the up-to-date girls of today are concerned, you're simply not in it. Your style has gone out."

Now this is a statement no man accepts phlegmatically, and it is a statement particularly unappealing to a young man deeply in love with an up-to-date girl. Belden's face flushed and he rose.

"All right," he said, stiffly, "we'll let it go at that. Time you were off, isn't it?"

"Sit down and don't be an ass. You've asked for pointers and you're going to get them. I'm going to tell you how to bring yourself up to date and get into the game; and, believe me, Georgie, you've got some hustling ahead of you if you want Maud Phillips to know you're on this earth."

"Oh, well——" Belden sat down again, with a detached air. His soul was ruffled, but his brain was receptive.

"There's a lot of opposition. Maud's a peach, and every man in the office knows it."

"You needn't tell me that," Belden muttered, ungratefully. "What I'm trying to get from you is something I don't know."

"And she's got a lot of pep," Arnold mused aloud, "and snap and dash."

"I know all that, too," Belden irritably reminded him. "For the Lord's sake, Dick, stick to the point. You're traveling all over the lot."

"All right," Arnold cheerfully agreed. "The point is, old boy, that *you* haven't got 'em! You haven't got pep and snap and dash. You're a pre-war model, and the girls know it."

AS Belden took this in silence, Dick went on, still watching his smoke rings swirl upward as he talked. To all appearances he was settled for an hour or two, but Belden knew he might be off any minute.

"The old theory was that opposites attract each other and that the dashing girls like the quiet chaps," Dick went on. "There's nothing to it nowadays. If it were true you and Maud Phillips would have everything fixed up by this time. As it is, while all the other lads are buzzing around making a noise like a love factory working three shifts a day you're doing the prehistoric stunt of the strong, silent man—and Maud doesn't even see you when you pass. Get me?"

"I suppose so." Belden was still rather sulky. "Assuming that you're right," he added, "and I'm not sure you are, for I don't believe all girls are made in one mold, as you seem to think—what the deuce am I going to do about it? I can't make myself over at my age."

"Twenty-six, aren't you? There ought to be some improvement possible, even yet." The oracle glanced at his watch. Five minutes left.

"You've got to do one of two things." he announced, keeping the watch in his hand for easy reference. "You've got to change, or you've got to bluff. If you're satisfied with yourself as you are——"

"Don't talk rot!"

"Stay that way," continued the authority, "but you've simply got to let Maud know you're in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

More Bond Records Now Available!

HAVE you a convenient and practical plan for recording your securities?

Many investors have expressed their desire to have a Bond Record Book, which is complete but small enough to carry or keep conveniently at their desk or in their safe deposit box.

Judging from many favorable comments, we believe that this new loose-leaf edition is just what you desire. It will enable you to keep an accurate account of maturities, rates, income and other important features of your securities. It will be invaluable in preparing your Income Tax return, for the last pages contain a recapitulation of annual investment income.

Although this fourth edition is quite large, we anticipate heavy demand and we urge you to send for your copy at once. It will be sent to you upon the return of the coupon below. No cost—no obligation.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Established 1904 Incorporated
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER $5,500,000

American Bond & Mortgage Building
127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago
345 Madison Avenue, New York

Cleveland Rockford Syracuse Detroit Albany — Peoria — Cincinnati Grand Rapids Philadelphia Davenport Boston

AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

American Bond & Mortgage Co.
127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge or obligation, one of your loose-leaf Bond Record Books. (C. C. 371).

Name .....

Address .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

game, and the only way to do that is to change or to bluff."

"How?"

Arnold looked at his disciple with the expression of one whose patience is overdrawn.

"Great Scott, man, do you want blue prints?"

"You bet your life I do. That's exactly what I want," Belden doggedly admitted.

"Humph! Well, all right. I'll give you three or four leading rules. They'll be about all you can live up to in the beginning. You see, in cases like this——"

"What are the rules?" The question was almost a growl, and Dick's tried patience abruptly gave way.

"FIRST of all, then, stop being afraid of the girl," he snapped.

"I'm not."

"You bet you are, and every one in the office knows it. You're so afraid of her that your knees shake and your teeth chatter when you go near her desk. I've heard 'em," he added, hastily, as Belden tried to interrupt. "Keep quiet. Am I talking, or are you?"

"Get it all off your chest," Belden grumpily invited. "What else?"

"Get some decent clothes. Look in the glass and see the kind of package you're offering the girl," Arnold urged. "Have your trousers pressed. Go to a gymnasium and take off ten pounds. Buy some new ties. Don't you suppose she wants to exhibit you when she goes out with you?"

"She never goes out with me," Belden mentioned, with the air of having made a point.

"Have you ever given her a chance?"

"N-o—not exactly. That is—I've tried to——"

"Don't ask her. Take her," Arnold concisely directed. "Tell her tomorrow morning that you're going to take her to dinner and to the theater tomorrow night. Have your evening clothes pressed, and your hair cut, and do it. I'll look you over before you start," he added, kindly, "or you'll probably have on a red tie or a colored shirt.

"You're the limit when it comes to clothes, George," he mentioned, frankly, "and if you think girls don't notice that sort of thing you've got another guess coming. Look at the males in nature, with their brilliant plumage and striped coats——"

"Oh, shut up about the males in nature," Belden wearily urged. "Keep to the point. Let's have those rules."

"I've given you one of them," said Arnold, coldly, rising as he spoke. "Offer the girl something to look at. You can do it. It's merely a matter of decent clothes."

"Suppose she won't go to the theater?" the object of this friendly criticism suggested, ignoring the lesser interest in the greater. "Suppose she——"

"Suppose nothing! *Take her!* Go over to her desk in the morning when poor Maud isn't too rushed, watch your chance, and say casually, 'Well, Maudie, what play d' we see tonight?"

"Never called her Maud in my life," gasped the appalled student.

"Then it's high time you began," the authority insisted. "It's the right technique with Maud. It mightn't be with some girls—with a girl like Dora Kane, for example."

With an expressive gesture, the neophyte eliminated Dora Kane from the discussion. "Go on," he invited.

"Take Maud to the theater tomorrow night," the instructor repeated for the third time, restoring his watch to his pocket with a gesture of finality. "If she won't promise to go, get the tickets and call for her anyway. You'll have time to change 'em if she really throws you down," he pointed out. "If she goes—and I think she will, if it's only to see how you carry the thing off—give her a ripping time. Amuse her, interest her, make her laugh."

"Good Lord, how?"

The authority groaned.

"TALK to her," he almost yelped. "Jolly her; kid her along! Tell her there isn't another girl in the theater that compares with her. Talk to her about herself. That's your third rule, by the way. Ask her about her life, her tastes, her feelings. If she loved you you wouldn't have to bother about all that. She'd be doing the work—asking you about yourself. If you're in earnest and mean business, make love to her. Don't lose any time about it, either. Oh, I don't mean that you're going to propose tomorrow night," he explained as the other opened his mouth. "Do it subtly!"

"What d'ye mean 'subtly'?"

"Subtly," yelped the teacher, now wholly out of patience. "And if you say 'what' or 'how' once more I'll brain you with that hair brush before I leave. When I say subtly I mean subtly! Look at her as if you didn't know there was anyone else in the theater. Let her see you're right there with chains on."

"What else?" Belden asked the question with a hopeless sigh. Whatever was coming, he couldn't do it, that sigh testified. Neither could he do any of the things that had already come. But he might as well get Dick to empty his mind when he had the chance. Arnold turned toward the door.

"That ends the first lesson—and I guess it'll hold you for a while," he added, complacently. "But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHITE ROUGE!

(Trade mark registered and patent applied for)

Have you seen the new wonder rouge of the age?

J'Adore White Rouge is water-proof—

It stays on all day and fits every complexion!

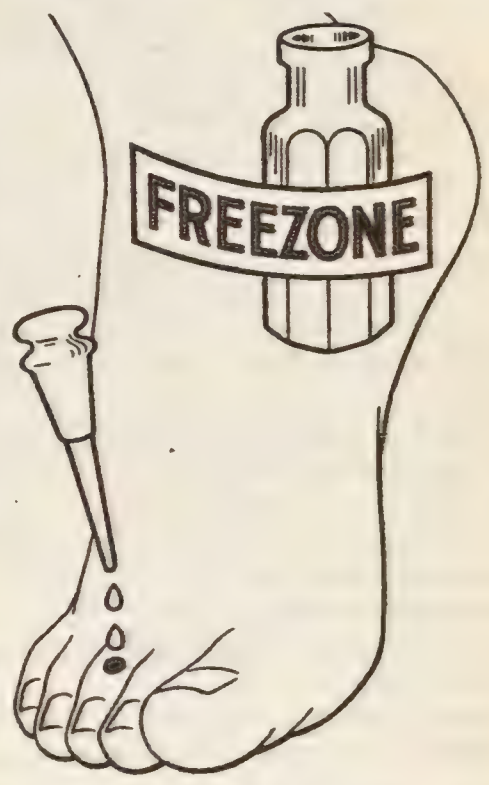
You manufacture your own shade with the oils of your skin. Rub it on lightly with the finger tips—(never use a puff to apply J'Adore White Rouge) and it changes to strawberry, orange, Ashes of Roses or whatever shade your complexion requires.

Guaranteed perfectly pure and harmless. Price 50c per box. Sold by Department Stores and Beauty Parlors everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, send 50c to us for a full sized box, postage prepaid.

Perfect Powder Puff Co.
(Not Inc.)
Dept. A
4357 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

"Take everything for granted. Assume that the girl will do anything you ask, and that you and she have a perfect understanding."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

every rule I've given you has a twin, and it's twin is audacity. Do it all with absolute self-confidence. Take everything for granted. Assume that the girl will do anything you ask, and that you and she have a perfect understanding. If you can put it over you'll hypnotize her into thinking you're the goods." He ended with sudden seriousness.

"There isn't a girl on earth that can resist audacity if its decently combined with tact and breeding. Remember that. They'll fall for it every time. Remember another thing. You've got to learn something about girls if you expect to catch a high stepper like Maud. Study 'em! Make a business of it."

II.

DICK might be right. Usually Dick was right. But George Belden was sure he could no more follow Dick's advice than he could change the color of his eyes. He tried to visualize himself in the role his friend had suggested. Audacity! "Well, Maudie, what play do we see tonight?" Why, he couldn't get past the second word! He'd never be able to bring out that "Maudie" that fell so glibly from the lips of the other fellows. That is, he couldn't possibly put it over in a first attempt. And yet—if he had a chance to rehearse a bit, to try out the method on someone he wasn't afraid of—— He might do that and at the same time take a few courses of the study Dick had recommended.

Belden's shoulders rose with a jerk. His head rose with them, and his eyes grew bright. He had received an inspiration, and it was an inspiration of such soul-satisfying character that he found himself grinning confidently as he hastened to his closet to look into the condition of his evening clothes. That condition wiped off the smile. He'd have to get more clothes—lots more clothes. Everything he had was shabby and unpressed. That would be the easiest part of it.

He was asleep when his friend got home that night, and Dick's efficiency in dressing the next morning left him no opportunity for more than a few casual remarks. Dick, however, gave his chum several curious glances. There was something new in Belden's manner and expression. He wore an air that at a pinch could be called cheerful assurance, and he was certainly dressing with unusual care.

Dick grinned as he descended to the restaurant of the apartment building and sat down at the table reserved for Belden and himself but at which he usually breakfasted alone. The old boy had taken him seriously. He was actually going to try out the rules he had been given for the new game. Well, they were good rules. Arnold was sure of that. He himself had tested them all and proved their strength. Just the same it would be fun to see old George try them on. He would hustle down to the office early and keep a careful eye on Maud's desk. Arnold grinned as he drank his second cup of coffee.

When he reached the office he followed his resolution to keep an eye on Miss Phillips' desk. He also tried to keep an eye on Belden, who was briskly bustling in and out of another department. The effort tended to develop a permanent cast, and his work also suffered. After all this it was a bit unsettling to be in at the ultimate episode only by a fluke, but Arnold was too much stirred by the episode to dwell on the fluke.

It was after eleven o'clock, and Belden, supposedly in deference to Arnold's ironic reminder of the value of Miss Phillips' time, had not once gone near the girl. Arnold inwardly fumed. Like all creators, he wished to see his work put to the test.

HE was cherishing the grievance when he crossed the main office to Dora Kane's desk, to have some changes made in a letter he had dictated to her earlier in the morning. Thus, standing within ten feet of Miss Kane's desk, he was privileged to see George Belden approach her, smile at her buoyantly, and, in tones ringing with self-confidence, remark almost too loudly for a business office, "Well, Dora, what play do we see tonight?"

Arnold was staggered. So this was it! The old boy hadn't the nerve to tackle Maud, but he was trying out the system on someone else. Not a bad idea, that—especially as the test was made on a nice girl like Dora Kane, who openly approved of Belden. Then Arnold was staggered again, for Miss Kane's response was not the one called for in his primer lesson to George.

"I don't know what play you're going to see," Miss Kane was saying, rather primly. (Miss Kane's note was a certain primness.) "I'm going to see The Way Up."

"That'll be all right." Dick could tell that George was a bit rattled now, but he was really carrying off the situation very well. "Dinner first, of course. Shall I call for you at seven?"

Both young men had an unpleasant interval

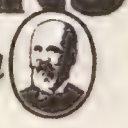
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Delicious! Delightfully flavored and good for health—its daily use is

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum



AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Wanted!

boys

to sell "Liberty"

We want boys right in your town to sell Liberty. Send coupon—and we show you how you can make money — every week—and get wonderful free prizes besides. Thousands of boys already make their own spending money, working after school, on Saturdays, or one day a week—just in spare time. No experience, no money needed. We supply everything. Join the Liberty Boy Salesmen in your town, and start your own route. It's easy. Send the coupon and we'll send full details.

Send Coupon

Liberty, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

while Dora Kane frankly stared. Then she gurgled.

"Oh, Mr. Belden," she said, "was that an invitation? I didn't know. I'm sorry," she added, "but I'm going to the theater with my uncle and aunt, who are coming in from New Jersey."

Arnold watched George wabble uncertainly for a moment, while new-born audacity struggled with established habit.

"Oh—ah—well—all right," Belden said hurriedly, and added, in his most businesslike tones. "Got any letters ready for me to sign?"

Miss Kane shook her head wordlessly. She also followed Belden's figure with puzzled eyes as he hurried to the shelter of the inner office. The sympathetic spectator observed a detail lost on Miss Kane. Old George's ears were red—but of course not so red as they would have been if he had been turned down by Maud Phillips. Dick hoped George thought of that. George did, and the reflection heartened him to a second effort later in the day.

It was made just before closing time, and after Miss Kane had twice looked at her watch. Miss Kane was feeling slightly rushed. She had to go uptown to her West Side boarding house, dress for the evening, and get downtown again by seven o'clock to dine with her uncle and aunt at their hotel. She recognized without enthusiasm the fact that Mr. Belden was languidly reclining against the side of her desk, with the air of having the whole evening on his hands.

"Well," Mr. Belden said, robustly, "if we don't go tonight, Friday night will do. What plays have you seen?"

DORA KANE had a beautiful nature, but she was human. Also, feeling rushed herself, she was naturally a trifle irritated by the effect of leisure her companion conveyed. She had never seen George Belden like this before, and to her the phenomenon had only two explanations. Either he was wholly unlike what she had thought him, or he was getting fresh and joshing her. She rose, and slammed down the top of her desk with decision.

"I've an engagement for Friday. Good night," she said curtly, and walked out.

Belden remained where she had left him, his expression one of pained acceptance. He was furious with himself, furious with Dick, but not in the least furious with Dora Kane. She had snubbed him because he deserved it, his conscience repeated. Or had he? If he had, Dick's theories were all wrong—and that Dick's theories were wrong was unthinkable. He wished he knew whether this debacle was due to them or to Dora Kane or to himself. To Dora, probably.

He remembered now that Dick had told him the audacious note was the "technique" for Maud, but possibly not for a girl of Miss Kane's type. And yet, right afterward, Dick had added that no girl could withstand it if it was properly put over. So he had tried it on Miss Kane, but—the light was coming now—he hadn't put it over in the right way.

THE office was rapidly emptying, but, raising his head, Belden saw that Esther Sims was still at her desk. Esther was the stenographer who took his additional letters when Miss Kane could not handle all his mail. She was a mere shadow to Belden, but he had heard Arnold mention her approvingly on one or two occasions and he had also been privileged to overhear some airy persiflage that went on between her and Dick. Belden's young jaw set and his face took on a look of decision that added years to his age. He'd find out whether Dick was right or wrong about that audacity stuff. Without giving himself time for further reflection, he walked over to Miss Sims' desk.

"Well, Esther, where do we go from here?" he inquired.

Miss Sims looked at him. The look held some of the surprise that had widened Dora Kane's eyes, but it also held the alert expression with which the seasoned hunter hears the first notes of the horn. Almost mechanically she sent the young man the return ball his lead demanded.

"Run away, Georgie," she said, pushing a chair toward him. "I'm busy."

"Yes, you are!" Belden's voice held the correct note of good-humored scoffing, but his heart jumped as he dropped into the chair. It had worked! Dick was right, as Dick always was. He'd learn something about women from this girl. He was so elated that he made his next move without conscious effort.

"Don't let me interrupt," he said. "Go right on powdering your nose. After you've finished that we'll have an early dinner downtown and later go to see the Zigzag Way. It's too late to go home."

Miss Sims was tempted. He could see that by the light in her eye.

"I'll ride uptown with you as far as my station," she tentatively agreed.

"You bet you will, and then some. Hurry up. The golden minutes are speeding and you and I are going to speed with them."

Miss Sims arose.

"When one of the most promising young men of our staff suddenly talks and acts the way you're doing," she said, thoughtfully, "it means one of two things. His salary has just been raised and I'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WANT A GOV'T JOB?

$1140 to $3000 Year

MEN, WOMEN, 18 UP

STEADY WORK

Common education usually sufficient. Mail coupon immediately.

.....CUT HERE.....

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. A-201, Rochester, N. Y.

Check the job you want. We will send you: (1) free specimen examination questions and free sample coaching lessons; (2) a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them"; (3) free list of positions now obtainable.

COUPON

...Railway Postal Clerk	($1,600 to $2,300)
...Income Tax Auditor	($2,040 to $3,000)
...Post Office Clerk	($1,400 to $1,800)
...City Mail Carrier	($1,400 to $1,800)
...Rural Mail Carrier	($1,800 to $2,600)
...Customs Positions	($1,140 to $1,860)

Name .....

Address .....

Use it before you lose it. Write plainly.

A Business Opportunity

exists for the man who wishes to be his own boss and the owner of a permanent, ever-expanding, profitable merchandising service. It may start with $35 capital, or $1,000, but it cannot start without capital. The degree of success has no reasonable limit. It has attracted to it and has today engaged in it, men who are conspicuous successes and of long and wide experience in merchandising, with capital abundant for all their requirements; and the other extreme of men and women with limited business experience and qualifications and very small capital.

No man is too big for the business.

The business is merchandising, but it entails a service that is unique, intensely interesting—productive of great enthusiasm, and broadly constructive. It makes you the greatest benefactor in your community, town, city or district, and pays you a real profit for such benefaction.

Service is the foundation of all real success, and this service literally enables you to take time from eternity and put it into the life of man, and make legitimate profits in doing so.

Address, Mfr., care Motive Pub. House, 1935 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(The above is not merchandising books or magazines.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

the only girl in sight, or his own girl has given him the air. Which is it?"

"You know a whole lot about men, don't you?" Belden jeered.

"I'm an earnest student of them," Miss Sims confessed. "If I find you're here when I get back," she added, "we'll drop into the subway together."

She sauntered toward the coatroom and the young man looked after her admiringly. She was a nice girl—Belden's highest term of praise for all girls save Maud. Maud, of course, was all the wonderful things that all the poets have ever said about women.

Miss Sims was back sooner than she had given him reason to expect, and Mr. Belden, having remembered in the interval to get his hat from the men's coatroom, gallantly escorted her out of the building. Arnold, who had been delayed in an inner office by an unexpected conference with the head of his department, emerged from the retreat just in time to observe the departure of his chum and the lady—and the amazement with which he observed the phenomenon was mingled with pain as his surprised eyes also recognized the borrowed tie.

Belden and Miss Sims had a good dinner and a pleasant evening at the theater. The affair made an excavation in Belden's salary, but the student of women gave no thought to that detail beyond the philosophical one that he couldn't repeat the experiment on the same scale as often as he'd like to.

LIKE other tastes, this one grew with what it fed on, and the following evening Belden walked uptown with the chief's secretary, a remote young person named Clara Scott, and gave her tea and toasted muffins with jam at a Russian tearoom. That had been almost an accident, for the two left the building together wholly by chance and had fallen into step for a casual walk to the nearest elevated before Belden recalled his new role. His expression of surprise when Miss Scott was about to ascend the elevated's steps was admirable.

"Didn't you know you were going to walk uptown with me and have tea at the Yellow Eagle?" he asked. "I must have forgotten to mention it."

And Miss Scott, whose mind seemingly worked less briskly after business hours than in the office, was walking up Broadway through the late May sunshine before she quite knew what had happened. She also drank Russian tea out of a tall glass and listened to the Song of the Volga Boatmen while Belden told her she must have been a Russian in an earlier incarnation because she fitted so perfectly into the setting.

He and the Russian tearoom bore most of the burden of the entertainment, for Miss Scott proved to be no expert at conversational pingpong. She showed a tendency to talk about the "shop," which Belden promptly suppressed by talking about her; but he discovered that she admired the masterful type of man and that she was beginning to consider him an almost unique example of one.

Altogether it was a pleasant occasion, and, with a view to further researches in this new and fascinating field of woman lore, Mr. Belden, the next morning, surveyed the feminine staff of Parsons & Co. with the eye of a conqueror. All he had to do, it appeared, was to polish his shoes, brush his hair and clothes, and work Dick's method for what it was worth.

Discovering that Miss Sims was fond of moving pictures, he took her to see some good ones the next evening, and within two days he repeated with Miss Scott the agreeable walk uptown and the visit to the tearoom. He also royally announced to a certain Miss Wallis in the fileroom that they would dine together the following Tuesday, and to Miss Reed of the literary department that he was taking her to luncheon Wednesday.

He further made a date for supper and a dance Friday night with Maud Phillips' only rival in the shop—an up and coming young person in the advertising department.

FOR the following month the life of Mr. Belden was so hectic that one evening when he was dressing for supper and a dance Arnold felt called upon to take him to task.

"Say, old man," he asked anxiously, "what's the big idea?"

"What idea?" George was tying a tie with great care and greater confidence. Nowadays he was dressing almost as well, though not as rapidly, as Arnold did.

"You know what I mean, all right," Dick said patiently. "But I'll make it clearer if you like. What's the idea of the gay Lothario stuff—the incessant luncheons, dinners, and dances with the dames?"

"Haven't been to many dances yet," Belden explained, brushing his hair till its sheen rivaled that of his chum's. "Great fun, though, and I'm strong for 'em."

"I'll say you are," Dick grumbled. "Incidentally you're making a speed record that's going to get you into trouble. Great Scott, George, do you realize that in one short month you've won the sobriquet of the Sheik of Publishers Square?"

Belden laid down his brushes and faced his friend.

"Now, what the devil do you mean by that?"

"It's true. Granger started it. He's got the worst tongue in the office and I suppose he's furious because Miss Sims has been out with you so much. I can't blame him. I haven't looked toward the front entrance once this month without seeing you walking through it with some skirt. And you know the hotbed of gossip any office is. Can't you lay off a while or get in with another bunch somewhere?"

Belden looked incredulously at his friend. Dick was actually in earnest.

"But I'm only doing what you advised," he pointed out. "You told me I'd have to hit it up a bit and get some new clothes and learn something about women before Maud Phillips would look at me, and I've been doing it."

"I'll say you have," Dick groaned. "I opened your tailor's bill yesterday by mistake. Glad I don't have to pay it. You've got half the dames in the office by the ears and if we didn't have such a nice bunch of girls you'd have a dozen suits for breach of promise on your hands by this time."

"What infernal nonsense!"

"Nonsense nothing. As for Maud Phillips, she has just about dislocated her neck trying to watch your goings on. But you haven't gone near her the whole time, have you?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Why—I—I don't feel quite up to Maud yet—I mean up to her technique. You know, of course, that's what I've been working toward," he added earnestly, dropping into a chair to face his friend and lighting a cigarette with a faithfulness to his model at which Dick inwardly marveled. "I don't believe I could put it over yet, with Maud. I'm afraid I'd be tongue-tied the minute I got near that girl."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. Anyway you've got to cut out all the other stuff. You're attracting too much attention. The staff can't work. Why don't you drop it," he added urgently, "and have a showdown with Maud?"

Belden considered the suggestion.

"Think there's a chance?"

"You bet there's a chance. She knows now that you're not out in the cemetery, anyway."

"Well—I'll see."

Arnold had to be content with that, for George dismissed the subject. The next evening, however, at closing time, Mr. Belden optimistically approached the desk of the lady of his heart.

"All right, Maud," he said, lightly. "I'll go."

"Where? What do you mean?"

For once Miss Phillips was slow on the uptake. She flushed and almost stammered. To the inwardly nervous young man watching her courage and reassurance came like big waves.

"Anywhere you like," he said cheerfully. "Don't be afraid to ask me. I'll drop around at eight tonight and we'll talk it over."

He strolled away without waiting for an answer to this suggestion, and Miss Phillips looked after him thoughtfully. What a splendid, assertive, determined, upstanding fellow he was! And yet she had never noticed it till a month ago. Since then it almost seemed as if she hadn't been noticing anything else.

"JUST the same," said Maud Phillips, seriously, in the course of a long conversation with young Mr. Belden six weeks later, "you've got to cut out the sort of thing you were going in for when I took you in hand. If there's anything I dislike," she added, virtuously, "it's a man flirt."

"But Maud!"

"Of course I know all the girls run after you all the time," Miss Phillips conceded, "but that's the more reason why you should be strong, for their sakes as well as your own!"

"I haven't looked at any girl but you for a month," Belden muttered. "I——"

"Of course, you haven't, darling," his beloved admitted. "You knew I had my eye on you and you didn't dare to. And if I marry you I'll always have an eye on you, Georgie," she added firmly, "for I know what you're capable of. If the sort of thing you were doing when I reformed you was a necessity of your nature, and you can't get along without it, say so frankly, and we'll end everything here and now. But if you think you can develop enough strength and self-control to resist other women—Oh, I know they'll always be after you!" she interrupted herself to admit—"why, then——"

"Then?" he urged.

"Then—I'll let you get the ring."

The Sheik of Publishers Square cast a backward look along the daisied path of dalliance. He had followed it only one short month, and it would take him a lifetime to live it down. He had not been conscious of any special exhilaration while he was on it, but see where it had led him! Straight to the side of his loved one, to be held there safe forever more. Maud would always worry a bit about him, and that seemed a pity. An impulse toward confession filled him and he turned to her with parted lips. Then he met her eyes and his lips closed slowly. They were not only adoring eyes, they were admiring, almost awe-filled eyes.

"You really are a holy terror with girls, Georgie!" his beloved said in hushed accents.

The Sheik of Publishers Square made a modest gesture of dissent, and let it go at that.

THE END

A Double-Header in LIBERTY'S Greatest Contest!

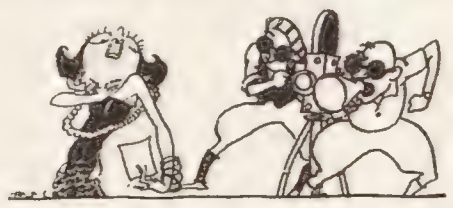
$1,000

Open to Everybody--- Everywhere

THIS WEEK FOR LIMERICKS!

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$1,000 Double Header Coupon No. 1



A beauty prize winner from Maine
In the movies sought stardom in vain.
When her first film was shown
It then became known

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of February 28)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

Who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of January 31. The Limerick read as follows:

A millionaire maker of lime
Went down to Palm Beach for a time.
His daughter and wife
Said: "This is the life

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Don't mortar-fy us, as we climb."

Written by JAMES P. FOX, 2104 E. 71st Street, Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"Pa can list to the bathing belles chime."

Written by LAURENCE KIRKWOOD, 1039 Van Slyke Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"The sand-witches here are a crime."

Written by MRS. CATHERINE D. BLOOMFIELD, Victoria Apts., Winchester, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

He wailed, "Ev'ry 'palm' takes a dime."

Written by GEORGE W. REYNOLDS, 3611 Reisterstown Road, Baltimore, Md.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"The lime grows on trees in this clime!"

Written by THOMAS MAY, 300 Chandler Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

IMPORTANT!

All last lines for both Limericks in this week's double contest must reach this office not later than midnight, March 7. *Do not use the same sheet of paper to submit last lines for both Limericks!* Use a separate sheet of paper for each one.

WE'VE got to have excitement, folks! Excitement is the spice of life. Casey Jones has left the throttle of Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express, and is doubling for Casey at the bat. Fielders, lay back! For this week only, we're about to stage a big double-header. Take your pick, folks. Send in last lines for either of the Limericks printed on this page, or both of them. Send in as many last lines as you please. This contest is open to everyone. The more, the merrier. Come on, folks! Crack! Jumpin' Jingoes! Casey's knocked the first one over the left field fence!

Five hundred dollars will be paid for the best five last lines sent in to complete each Limerick.

Both sets of winners will receive the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . $250 3d Prize $75
2d Prize . . . $100 4th Prize $50
5th Prize . . . $25

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$1,000 Double Header Coupon No. 2

A rooster that crowed loud and gay
Roused the neighbors from sleep ev'ry day.
But the owner just smiled,
So the neighbors got riled

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of February 28)

The Art *of* Bread Making

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Hand kneading is most effective when a circular motion is used.

ETHEL M. SOMERS, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economic classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

GENERAL neglect of the art of bread-making has resulted in an extraordinary appreciation of home-made bread. No other item on the menu receives a more hearty commendation, you will find, than does good home-made bread. No lecture-demonstration draws a larger or more interested group than one with bread-making as the theme. No accomplishment of the modern home economics class brings forth a greater thrill of pride than does a successful production of breads. We have been served with fancy breads, sweet rolls, and buns until the good old-fashioned bread like that which grandmother used to make has assumed an exaggerated place, although a good home-made bread really has a nutty, sweet flavor individual to it and pleasantly to be remembered.

Bread-making is an art almost as pleasing to practice as is the actual eating of the delicious resulting loaves. Twenty minutes of time in the evening and the bread is mixed and put to rise. Ten minutes of time in the morning and the bread is in the loaf. Breakfast over and the bread is ready for the oven. Nine-thirty or ten o'clock finds the bread all baked—a real thrill for the whole family.

The making of bread is, notwithstanding, a skillful art and its mastery will require both study and practice. Though experience is often the best teacher, thoughtful analysis of the causes of success and failure will shorten the period of learning and remove at once most of the mysteries of the process. The factors tending toward success or failure may be grouped as follows:

Six Essentials in the Making of Good Bread

1. A good bread flour thoroughly ripened. The gluten content of a good bread flour is high. Such flour is said to be strong. It makes more loaves per sack, it works up more quickly, and it makes lighter, more delicate loaves than does a weak flour. If it takes a lot of flour to stiffen the dough or if the dough after rising is sticky, running, or spreads on the board, you are using a weak flour. Change flours at your next bread baking and use the remainder of your weak flour for successful pastries.

2. A thorough beating of the sponge to develop the gluten, making it elastic and buoyant.

3. A working in of the right amount of flour. Too stiff a dough makes a compact loaf. Too soft a dough makes a porous, coarse loaf.

4. An efficient kneading by a method such as will give a maximum amount of stretching of the dough in a minimum time. As you stretch the dough up from the base of your ball of dough, rotate the ball clockwise and well, thus accomplishing a double stretching action.

5. Maintenance of correct temperatures throughout the entire process in order to cultivate the growth of the yeast plants. A yeast cake is really a multitude of tiny, microscopic plants massed together and pressed in a cake of starchy dough. These plants must have the right temperature for growth—70° to 90° F. Then as the yeast plants thrive they feed on the sugar and flour, giving off a gas which pushes out with an evenly distributed pressure to form cells, causing the bread to rise. Cooling the dough below 70° F. checks the growth of these plants and delays this rising process; while heating above 90° F. kills the yeast plants and prevents further rising of the dough. If, then, the temperature is in doubt it is better to have it too low rather than too high. A chilled dough may quickly be heated if placed in a current of escaping steam.

6. A proper and thorough baking. The baking process kills off the yeast plants which prevents their further growth and a consequent souring of the dough. It also drives off alcohol, expands the loaf, and develops a browned, well-flavored crust. If you like the crust soft, your bread should be thoroughly baked and this softness produced by wrapping the warm bread in a clean towel to allow the crust to be steamed soft. A crisp crust, on the other hand, results from allowing the loaf to cool on a rack with a free circulation of air about it.

Yeast Bread

[An overnight process bread recipe which will make two loaves of bread about one pound each, or one loaf and one dozen rolls]

6 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups liquid (milk, water, or potato water)
¼ ounce (or ⅛ cake) yeast softened in ¼ cup lukewarm water or other liquid

SOFTEN the yeast in one-fourth cup lukewarm water or other liquid used in making the bread. Boil the remaining liquid (two cups). Place the sugar, salt, and fat in a mixing bowl or bread mixer and pour in the hot liquid. Let cool until lukewarm. Add the softened yeast and about one-half of the flour. Beat thoroughly to distribute the yeast evenly throughout the mixture and to develop the gluten of the flour. Add the remainder of the flour in small portions and mix in well. When the dough becomes too stiff to be mixed with a spoon, turn it out on a floured board and gradually knead in enough flour to keep the dough from sticking to the board or the hand. Bread dough may easily be spoiled by working in too much flour. Knead until the dough loses its sticky quality and feels soft or velvety to the touch. When indented, the well-kneaded dough should spring back into place. Place the dough in a buttered vessel and turn the dough over several times to grease its surface. Cover the vessel tightly and set where it will keep at an even, slightly warm temperature (80° F.). A fireless cooker kettle, set into its cooker compartment which can be slightly warmed by the insertion of a kettle of steaming water, is excellent for the overnight process. Allow the dough to rise about ten hours, or until a little more than doubled in bulk. Divide into rolls or loaves and shape by kneading slightly on an unfloured board. Round each piece up gently to the shape of a loaf and mold so as to stretch the top crust. Put into a greased bread pan. Brush the top of the loaf with melted butter to prevent crusting, cover loosely with a towel, and set in a slightly warm place to rise again. Let rise until doubled in bulk (about one and one-half hours). Bake for forty-five minutes (if one-pound loaves are made), first in a moderately hot oven, 400° F., until browned or about twenty to twenty-five minutes, and then reduce the temperature to 375° F.

Stretching the top crust as the loaf is rolled into shape produces a perfectly shaped top.

Five-Hour Process Yeast Bread may be made from the above recipe by increasing the amount of yeast used to one ounce or one-half a yeast cake. In fact it is safe to still further hasten the process by increasing the amount of yeast up to one cake.

Cloverleaf Rolls may be made by shaping the dough into small rolls, much as the loaf is shaped and placing three of these in each greased muffin tin. Let rise until fully doubled and bake as for bread for twenty minutes.

Parker House Rolls may be made by rolling the dough after the first rising to one-half inch thickness and cutting with a biscuit cutter. Dip each round of dough in melted butter, crease it through the center with the back of a knife, fold one-half over and press the edges together. Place on a buttered pan one inch apart and let rise until fully doubled and bake in a moderately hot oven, 400° F., for twenty minutes. A shiny crust may be obtained by brushing the rolls when half done with a mixture of two tablespoons milk plus two teaspoons sugar.

To test bread to see when it is done, proceed as follows: Watch the length of time baked; control or regulate the oven temperature; note whether bread is well browned and shrunken away from the edges of the bread pan, and whether it sounds hollow when tapped with the knuckles. This hollow sound is caused by the fact that all the steam has evaporated and the bread cells are hollow.

Secrets *of the* Night

A Motion Picture Review By ALVA TAYLOR

From the Stage Play by Max Marcin, Directed by Herbert Blache, Produced by Universal

MYSTERY. Suspense. Faces peering in at dark windows. Banging doors, closed by unseen hands. Random pistol shots in the night. Ancient armor stalking about the shadowy halls. Shrouded figures floating about unused rooms. Suddenly extinguished lights. And through it all a spirit of comedy. Such is Secrets of the Night.

There ought to be more good mystery plays like this on the screen. For wholesome, straightforward entertainment there's nothing better.

This picture from Universal, like Griffith's One Exciting Night of about a year back, is a frolicsome mystery comedy, not meant to thrill with horror, but to divert with its fast moving action and playful suspense. It is a piling up of mysterious happenings, which is terrifying to the characters in the play, but which has the audience on the inside all the time.

Old Tom, the darky butler, doesn't know that it's only the wind that blows the curtains about his neck and nearly scares him out of his skin. But the spectators do. And they enjoy it.

Like One Exciting Night, the action of this picture takes place all in one afternoon and night. This is one of the best possible starts for a successful picture. A movie which has no gaps to explain with subtitles has a far better chance of being a smooth photoplay than one which must account for days and nights, not to mention weeks, months, and years, unshown on the screen.

The plot is a good one. Everything mysterious is explained. Every pistol shot, every seemingly unaccountable nocturnal happening, is made clear. The cloaked stranger in the closet is not forgotten. Nor is he merely stuck in and explained with a flimsy apology.

There is a twist or two at the end that perhaps even the craftiest members of the audience will fail to anticipate. They'll be so busy enjoying the action of the story that they won't have time to speculate, anyway.

James Kirkwood plays Robert Andrews, banker, who, along with his fellow directors, has lent $500,000 of the bank's money to someone who has given worthless securities, and who has suddenly disappeared. The bank faces ruin. As Andrews stands offering the directors a pistol with which to shoot him if they have the nerve, so that his life insurance may be used to cover the deficit, the bank examiner's card is brought in.

Andrews, planning to keep him from the books for a while, at least, invites the examiner and the directors to a week-end party at his home that night.

At the party Andrews is accused of loving his beautiful young ward too fondly, and after he has quarreled with one of the directors who suspects him of being too fond of his (the director's) wife, the body of Andrews is found on the floor after a pistol shot is fired from the outside. But the body mysteriously disappears before the arrival of the coroner.

But, of course, this doesn't fool the audience. They know that Andrews isn't really dead, because beautiful Madge Bellamy, playing his ward Anne Maynard, has evinced such a tender interest in him that he's marked off for the lucky fellow in the end, even though Anne has another suitor. Mr. Kirkwood is the type which gets the heroine when it's time for the final love scene.

The fact that Zasu Pitts is in the cast is enough to make any picture a success for this picture fan. No matter how small a part Zasu has, she makes much of it. In this picture she is companion and chaperon to Madge Bellamy. She and the colored butler furnish all the comedy terror bits which will keep you laughing.

THE CAST:

Robert Andrews.....James Kirkwood
Anne Maynard.....Madge Bellamy
Jerry Hammond.....Tom Ricketts
Col. James Constance..Tom S. Guise
Lester Knowles.....Arthur Stewart Hull
Alfred Austin.....Edward Cecil
Teddy Hammond.....Frederick Cole
Mrs. Lester Knowles...Rosemary Theby
Celia Stebbins.....Zasu Pitts
Old Tom Jefferson White.....Tom Wilson
Charles..Joseph Singleton
The Killer..Bull Montana

Mrs. Lester Knowles (Rosemary Theby) makes an exciting discovery in Secrets of the Night.

NEXT WEEK: LET 'ER BUCK

A Universal Production

Introducing Lord and Lady Chumley

RAYMOND GRIFFITH has the difficult part of Lord Chumley in Paramount's production of the play of that name under the title of Forty Winks. Lord Chumley, you know, was just a silly nobleman, but he confounded the crooks and made Viola Dana Lady Chumley.

VIOLA DANA, one time Metro star, now bobs up under the Famous Players banner. Her Flips Montague played to Glenn Hunter's Merton was splendid. Then she delivered a great piece of movie satire in Open All Night. She is an admirable heroine in Forty Winks.

E. R. Richee Photos

Captions by Alva Taylor

How Six Words Changed Three Lives and Solved a Tangled Love Problem

Pictures by
FRANK B. HOFFMAN

Turner Bates moistened his lips. Jigger slunk over and sat down beside his chair, leaning against it. The master was filled with pain. "What's he to you?" asked Bates, suddenly, nodding toward Layton.

The GIRL

By WILLIAM

I.

TURNER BATES stood with his heavy shoulders sagging forward a little and stared down the brown road. The road entered the woods just as it plunged over a hill and disappeared, so that as his vision traveled on it met the blue and purple mountains which everywhere rose against the horizon. The sun, just down beyond the rim of the world, still flung patches of pale light against the heights.

At twilight every evening Turner Bates came from his neat little frame house and looked down the road; stood in the long, slow dusk of the North with his short, powerful body motionless and his mild eyes turned toward the point where the road ended in nothing. Usually he waited there until the light failed, so that he could not have seen a human figure if one had come mounting up from the valley.

Tonight, as always, Jigger came with him, walking sedately behind, as was fitting to this twilight mood of his master. Jigger, one of those mountain dogs whose ancestry is nothing more than a matter for speculation, knew quite clearly why Turner Bates stood and looked down the road every evening at the lonesome hour. He was watching for the woman to come back. She did not come back.

This evening two men came along—Jed Clifford, who lived in the village up the road, and Emery Jones, the long-nosed neighbor from the nearest house beyond the brook. Jigger saw them coming, but Bates did not, for they came from up the road and he was looking down. Clifford nudged Jones in the ribs and they both laughed aloud. Then Turner Bates wheeled with deliberation.

"Hello, Bates," said Clifford, with a grin still lingering. "Expecting anybody on the evening train?"

"No." Turner Bates answered the question gravely. "Nobody in particular."

"How's things going, anyway, since you been alone?" asked Jones, thrusting forward his long nose. His small, greenish eyes peered with obscene curiosity.

"Well," Bates considered his words carefully, "it's a little mite hard doing housework and outdoor work, too. But I'm a pretty good hand at keeping house."

"Don't hear nothing at all from her, do ye?" persisted Jones.

"No." With the single word of reply Bates turned and walked back toward his house. He went carefully around the stiff and awkward bed of flowers, turned the corner, and vanished

from the NIGHT

MERRIAM ROUSE

in the direction of the back door. The two men stood watching Bates as he walked toward the house. Jed Clifford chuckled so that his comfortably padded frame shook.

"He's almost as bright as a sheep, ain't he?" he said. "First he marries a girl that's wild as a hawk and everybody laughs at him. Then she gives him the laugh, too, and skips. And then, by crimus, he watches for her to come up the road from the railroad station every night after the train gets in!"

"Aw, shucks!" snorted Jones, as they turned slowly away. "He ain't more'n half baked. Never was. I've lived on the place next to his all my life. He's simple. Nobody but a girl like her would have took up with him."

They went on down the road, and Jigger loped up to the house and into the kitchen. He found Turner Bates cutting potatoes into the frying pan, and he sat down beside the stove to enjoy the delicious smell of the hot pork grease.

There had been a time when Jigger had yelped with pleasure at intervals during the supper hour and thumped his long tail joyously against the floor. During these latter days, however, he had realized that it would not be in the spirit of things. There was a stillness that was more than a stillness in the house.

There was the feeling of a presence that was not there; the scent of the missing one on many things. Her long apron hung behind the kitchen door. A nightdress lay over the back of a chair in the bedroom, just as she had left it. Bates touched it gently in the morning and at night, rubbing the white fabric between his big thumb and fingers.

There were two places laid on the red and white cloth of the kitchen table. Jigger would have preferred to sit in that empty chair, but he had tried it and found out that where the woman had been was sacred. So he waited beside Bates, with what decorum his appetite would allow, until the time came for him to receive a plate of choice meat scraps and perfectly good potato covered with gravy.

Through the evening, as usual, they sat together on the doorstep. The weight of sadness lifted a little during that time.

When the clock in the kitchen wheezed nine they went indoors. Since the woman had gone Jigger had been privileged to sleep upon a slip of blanket laid across the foot of the bed, just as he had before she came. He took his place

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

there. He saw Turner Bates lift a fold of the nightgown and hold it in his hand a long moment before he blew out the lamp. Then the master stretched out in bed. A long sigh came faintly, and after a time Jigger knew that he was asleep.

The dog had just awakened from one of his ordinary series of light naps when he became conscious that light was growing swiftly in the room, melting in at the windows and becoming stronger so fast that it alarmed him. He growled. The next instant the room suddenly filled with a glare and a raucous noise blared at the doorstep.

Jigger knew it for one of those mighty devils that went whirring past in the road occasionally instead of horses. As he had always feared, one of them had now come up to attack the house. He leaped from the bed in a frenzy of rage and fear. The hair rose from the top of his head half way down his back. His eyes gleamed. He volleyed staccato barks.

Turner Bates swung out of bed with a quickness in sharp contrast to his ordinary movements. In less than a minute a lamp was lighted and he was dressed. Already there was a rapping outside the kitchen. The hands of Bates shook as he picked up the lamp and turned the knob of the bedroom door.

"Shut up, Jigger!" he commanded, almost with sternness. "We'll go see what it is!"

Jigger knew that it was the woman, and a stranger with her, the instant he put his nose to the crack under the kitchen door. Then Bates pushed him away and the two came in out of the night, the woman boldly, and yet with caution, the man frowning just behind her with one hand in the pocket of his coat.

"Peggy!" choked Bates. He set the lamp down upon the table. His legs were a little unsteady under him; that one word had carried a mixture of tones. He merely glanced at the man, but his eyes roved over her hungrily, from her face to her slender feet in low, light colored shoes, which were all straps and buttons, and back to the eyes which were as blue as blue china. Her cheeks were very red, and a little hollowed.

"Hello, Batesy!" She spoke with carelessness, but there was a little catch in her voice. Jigger knew that both she and the man were a little afraid. "This is Ned Layton, a friend of mine. He drove me up from the city. Some roads you got!"

"I'll say so!" added Layton, gruffly.

II.

PEGGY BATES sat down. She motioned Layton to another chair with a curt gesture. He continued to keep one hand in the pocket of his coat, but a sneer was replacing his frown as he stared insolently at Turner Bates. A look of understanding passed between him and the woman. Bates rubbed his hands together. He glanced at the clock and smiled at Peggy ingratiatingly.

"I'm glad you've come back. It's kind of funny, though—one o'clock in the morning! Ha! That's like you, Peggy. Take off your hat. Everything is just the way you left it."

She did not move to take off her little red hat, nor, for a moment, did she answer. She bit her under lip. One shoulder twitched nervously.

"Oh, I didn't want all the hicks in the neighborhood rubbering at us! That's why we—I come at night. Guess you don't, either. We thought we'd get in and out while they were all hitting the hay. That's the best thing they do around here!"

Jigger knew that something had gone wrong with Turner Bates. He saw the big body of his master heave to a deep breath; saw the thick fingers curl and knot around each other.

"Peggy . . . you . . . you mean you ain't come home to stay?"

"I'll tell you what I come for!" she blurted. Her cheeks glowed with a more living red and she leaned forward in her chair. She worked up her courage for battle. "I'll tell you what for! I want a divorce! That's what for! I give you a chance! I beat it and you didn't do nothing! I'm going out West and I'll get one myself, only you got to promise to sit tight . . . not to contest it!"

She ran down abruptly, and for a full minute Turner Bates sat staring at her, motionless, with a white face. Then his lips worked and he spoke in a rough whisper.

"Divorce!"

"Ye-ah! You said it!"

His voice rose and made it a question. She flashed a glance of impatience at Layton. He shrugged, and grinned, and shook his head slightly with an air of hopelessness.

"Listen here," said Peggy Bates, turning to her husband and speaking as though to a child. "Don't be a dumb-bell! I don't want to live with you, if you got to have it plain!"

TURNER BATES moistened his lips. Jigger slunk over and sat down beside his chair, leaning against it. The master was filled with pain.

"What's he to you?" asked Bates, suddenly, nodding toward Layton.

"Why—why . . ." The abruptness of the question found her unready. "Ned, he's got a picture theater . . . I been working for him. Taking tickets. He's going to sell out his place and go West. I——"

"I see." Bates spoke in a hollow voice. "You want to marry him."

"I ain't said anything about marrying him!" she cried excitedly. "Now, don't go and get yourself all worked up! He just come along tonight because I needed a friend!"

"You never needed a friend to deal with me, Peggy. I'm . . . your friend."

"Sure," agreed Peggy. "Be a good scout. All you got to do is sit tight and not do anything at all when they serve the papers on you. We ain't asking for alimony."

"We?" repeated Bates.

"I mean my lawyer and me. Come on, old timer! You had bad luck, that's all! You meant to be a good guy, at that!"

Her voice had softened a trifle from its hardness. Ned Layton straightened up and the frown came back as he looked at her.

"Cut out the mush!" he ordered, as though Bates were not present. "What you got to do with a guy like this one is get it into his bean that it's all off. Take a hammer! He'll come through."

Jigger felt by the subtle movement of his master's body in the chair that he had come back out of the void of dazed suffering in which he had been; his spirit was in the room again with them. He passed a hand over his forehead.

"It all depends on whether you'll be good to her," he said, looking directly at Layton.

"Sure, I'll be good to her!" Layton laughed, and for the first time since he had entered the room his hand came out of his coat pocket. The coat still sagged a little as though there were a weight there. For Jigger the feeling of the hint of battle passed.

"Sure, he'll use me right," added Peggy, as soothingly as she would have spoken to a child. "We just want to know how you stand before we go ahead and spend the money."

Bates smiled slowly. It was a terrible smile, for drops gleamed upon his forehead and his eyes were strained as the eyes of one who squints at the sun.

"Because," he went on, and his voice suddenly became thick, "because she's got the old-fashioned consumption."

"*What?*" Layton barked the word, half leaping from his chair. He sank back while his gaze darted to the face of the girl, to the sober countenance of Bates, and back to Peggy. Gradually a smile began to curl up one corner of his mouth, for in her face astonishment was plain. Her lips parted. Then anger grew in her eyes. Meanwhile the clock ticked. The silence grew to be a weight. It was Peggy Bates who had to speak, and after a time she did.

"What do you mean, you poor fish?" she demanded, scornfully, in a low, strained voice. "T. B.? Bugs? What are you trying to put over, anyway? That's the first I'd heard of it!"

"It's the bunk!" snapped Layton. "Who said so, anyway?"

"You remember that time you felt kind of all gone and I had the doctor for you?" asked Bates, speaking to her only. "He come back and told me, after he'd had the examination made. There wasn't no use scaring you then, Peggy."

"That's what you and him was talking about so long down at the road!" she cried. "You lie! Oh, you lie! I never had nothing! Don't you believe him, Ned! He's made it up to bust things between you and me!"

She twisted around on the edge of her chair and looked at Layton. Her breath came in gasps. She waited, hanging upon what she could read in his eyes, upon the next words he would say.

Layton had shrunk into his clothes. He stared at the girl. His lips moved but he did not speak at once. The gaze of Turner Bates was upon him, watching.

"Tough luck!" he mumbled, at last. "You had bad luck, Peg!"

She sprang up, advanced a step or two toward him, and paused at what she saw revealed in his face. She flung out her hands.

"Ned!" Her voice rose and broke. "You ain't going to go back on me, are you? I don't believe it's true, anyway! Why, I could get cured, even if it was so! Out West there people get cured, don't they?"

"You see——" Layton got to his feet. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "——that stuff's ketching, Peg! You know it, yourself."

"Oh——" Her voice trailed off to nothing. She turned away from him and lifted her clenched hands up to the level of her face. "Oh. . . . Gawd!"

SHE crumpled down against the table and beat her fists upon the red and white cloth. Turner stood still, looking at Layton; and Layton shifted from foot to foot and hitched a little toward the door as he stared at Peggy's bowed shoulders. The girl braced her hands against the table. She raised herself slowly. Her head was flung back bravely, but her eyes were closed and her features were pulled grotesquely askew as she fought to regain control of herself. She began to turn slowly toward Layton and she began to speak to him before she quite mastered herself, before her eyes opened and her knotted hands relaxed.

"You won't turn me down, will you, Ned? Why, I'll keep away from you so you won't get nothing! I can work like I have! I can take care of myself until I get well again! But shucks, Ned, I ain't sick——"

Her eyes opened and instantly she became

frozen to silence. The drumming of the motor came from outside. Layton had kept edging, edging, toward the door. When Peggy had begun to speak his hand was already upon the knob. He had slipped out like a shadow and closed the door noiselessly behind him before she opened her eyes.

The girl panted at the closed door. Her fingers locked together and she looked down at them vaguely. She shivered, and turned, and stared at her husband with eyes which did not see. Before he could move she had wilted to the floor like a cut weed.

Turner Bates crossed the dozen feet between them at a bound. He knelt, whimpering like a hurt puppy. Jigger, trying to comfort him, licked the back of his neck. It seemed to make no difference. He lifted his wife and carried her into the bedroom; and Jigger followed him, whining.

Her head lay upon the pillow that had been smooth so long. Turner Bates tucked the clothes around her with little pats, making noises in his throat, and then he sat down beside the bed with Jigger. Through the night they watched, while the woman drifted into a muttering sleep. One arm flung out, she lay, white and fair, across the patchwork quilt. Turner Bates bent and kissed it softly.

It was long after daylight when he went out into the kitchen to get breakfast, with Jigger padding heavily behind him. The dog knew that things were somehow better, although there was still a thick mist of sadness in the house. He followed back and forth, back and forth, from cellarway to pantry to stove.

THERE came a step outside and before Jigger could growl a warning the long nose of Emery Jones appeared around the edge of the door. His sharp glance searched the room as he stepped in and stopped at a woman's crumpled handkerchief which lay upon the table.

"Had company last night," he said. "Seen the tracks where a car come in here and went back again."

"Yes," replied Bates. He began to measure coffee into the pot carefully, with knitted brows.

"I bet your woman's come back!" cried Jones, with the rising note of indignation.

"Yes," Bates told him.

Emery Jones snorted. He hunched his shoulders disgustedly and turned back toward the door.

"She's here and you're up getting breakfast for her! Took her back, I 'spose! Well, it ain't none of my business, but I should think you'd get some character, or something! It's a dam' wonder even that cur dog of your'n sticks to ye!"

He stamped out and away. The hand that was measuring coffee shook ever so slightly, but the spoon did not spill any of the brown grains as it went to the pot.

There was a faint sound of movement from the bedroom and Peggy stood in the doorway; her face drawn in the morning light and her eyes filled with dread.

"Did—did the doctor say I'd die?" she whispered.

"No, Peggy," answered Turner Bates. "He didn't say you'd die."

She vanished from the doorway and Bates leaned down to give the head of Jigger a casual pat. Upon his face there was the faint reflection of something in the nature of a smile. He had looked that way the time that fire came down out of the heavens and burned his barn, and also when the woman first came to live with them.

Jigger did not understand the look, but he felt the presence of victory, and his tail thumped with mighty whacks against the boards. The tall stranger, the woman, the neighbors from up the road had all hurled themselves against his master only to rebound like puppies from the bulwark sides of a full grown dog. Jigger felt himself lucky above all other dogs. Looking up into the mild eyes it seemed to him that he saw a man of the stature of the mountains.

THE END

Through the evening, as usual, they sat together on the doorstep. The weight of sadness lifted a little during that time.

THE Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

White Pants WILLIE

A Serial by

ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS

Who's Who *in the* Eighth Installment

WILLIE BASCOM—an ambitious, romantic youth, who had rebelled against the narrowness of Sloanestown, his birthplace, and—symbolic of his revolt—had outraged local tradition by wearing snowy trousers. He showed a dangerous gift of being able to reproduce signatures from memory. After a street fight with a bully, he had thought himself in danger of arrest and had fled down to Palm Beach, where he became engaged to

HELEN CHARTERS, the beautiful, audacious, roulette-playing daughter of

PHILIP CHARTERS, a multimillionaire stock broker and baseball magnate of Chicago.

DUDLEY HILLS—the manager of the Chance Club, where dwellers in Palm Beach gather to win or lose—chiefly lose—fortunes in roulette. Hills, like Willie, is a refugee from Sloanestown and has taken the boy under his protection.

CLEM BODINE—Charters' right hand man in business deals. He is in love with Helen and is, consequently, Willie's enemy.

"HELEN," said Clem Bodine, "all Bascom has to do is to crack the whip, and you jump. You're positively abject."

"Yes," she admitted, "I am rather abject. You see, Clem, I'm in love."

"I suppose that settles it," Bodine grunted. "I'd hoped to be able to do a lot for you—for you and your father—but you both think you don't need it and you won't have it. All right. Let Bascom do it. I only hope you'll let me give you a wedding present—a rather unusual wedding present."

"What?" she asked, almost inaudibly. But she knew.

"I'd like to give you back your note for twenty-two thousand, that you gave me when I paid your losses at roulette."

"Roulette," she murmured. "Roulette——"

"The only reason I mention it," he went on, "is that—well, Bascom knows about our deal, of course. Quite possibly he'd insist on paying it off, himself."

"Ask him to pay twenty-two thousand for me? Why, I'd feel like a slave on the market. Besides, I don't know whether he could raise twenty-two thousand offhand. He couldn't turn over his money in time to go in with Dad on Fountain River."

"Ah! I thought you knew all about him. You were old friends back home."

Doggedly she walked on, her eyes downcast. She knew, by now, what he was driving at.

"I supposed he could raise any amount of money," said Bodine. "He's got plenty—at least, so you hear. Can't just place him, myself. I happened to meet the manager of the Blackstone up at St. Augustine yesterday. He'd never heard of him. But maybe he said he lived at the Drake."

"Clem, what's the matter with you? If you're trying to——"

"I'm not trying to do anything, my dear. I'm just expressing the hope that you know all about him, because nobody else seems to know *anything* about him, except what he tells himself. Oh, Helen, for God's sake, don't get yourself into another mess like that affair with the Russian. He was honest, at any rate. If you did know Bascom well, back home, tell your father who he is and all about him so he'll stop worrying. Tell me."

"It—it doesn't concern you." But her voice was wavering.

"You don't know," said Bodine softly. "You met him at a dance somewhere, perhaps—or maybe swimming in the lake. Anybody can go in along the North Shore and swim out to the neighborhood of the club beaches. And you'd go swimming with any ragtag and bobtail that knew how to swim. For all your father knows, for all I know—yes, for all you know—he may be a gunman or a coke fiend—or somebody even more disreputable——"

Slap! Her hard hand struck him on the mouth. He backed away, bowed.

"As you wish, my dear. You seem to be digging your own grave and getting a lot of fun out of it; but, as you say, it doesn't concern me."

He held out a slip of paper that shook and rattled in the breeze.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Your note for twenty-two thousand."

"I don't want it—now. I'm going to pay it."

He tore it up and tossed the fragments away on the wind.

"That's done, Helen; and all that goes with it. That was an act of love—of friendship, if you will; a treaty of amity and commerce. If you prefer war—why, war it is."

He walked away, left her standing motionless, staring at him, just outside the arched gateway to the Lynnhavens' grounds, until the cling-cling of a wheel-chair bell roused her. She turned, and followed the chair toward the gayly illuminated house.

Some two hours later Bodine boarded his train for Jacksonville; but before leaving he had conducted some curious negotiations, with still more curious persons, on the West Palm Beach waterfront.

II.

THE big people who attended Mrs. Lynnhaven's little dinner had never seen Helen Charters so gay. She was so buoyant that everybody caught the infection. More and more buoyant as the evening went on, she felt strongly that sickening uneasiness that nothing but mounting gayety could conceal.

Bodine knew nothing about Billy. Her father knew nothing about him. She knew nothing about him but what she had learned in the past three weeks. That was enough, for her; but it was disturbing to have everybody demanding that she tell all about how well she had known him in Chicago, when she wasn't sure she had known him in Chicago at all.

Then there was her debt to Bodine. Too happy and busy to think about it the last week or two, it had been thrust back on her attention this evening. Twenty-two thousand. Unfair to make a young husband pay it, even if he could. But it must be paid. It was a debt of dishonor, the most binding kind of debt. She could pawn her jewels—but then her father would find out. If only she hadn't given up roulette. . . .

Roulette. . . . It was on just such desperate evenings as this, two years before, when her nerves were in a hopeless jangle, when she had to be fiercely, recklessly gay to keep from breaking down in tears—it was on just such evenings that roulette had soothed her, calmed her, dulled her consciousness of herself and the people around her and bound her to one absorbing interest. She might win enough to pay Bodine. It had often happened—winnings of twenty thousand or more in a single night. She'd promised not to play—but it would be better to play and win, this once, and then never go near a roulette table again, than to bring down on Willie the costly humiliation of paying twenty-two thousand dollars

"Do you think any girl would be angry at a boy who tried to make fairy tales come true just because he loved her?"

for his wife's gambling debts. It would be kinder to him.

She tried to shake herself out of this seductive reasoning, but the thought of anything else only tangled her nerves the tighter. And stronger grew the attraction of the red-and-black oblong on the green baize table, the soothing spin and rattle of the little ball.

HALF a dozen people would have taken her home when the party finally broke up, but she put them aside. This was something she would have to fight out unaided. She walked, alone, along the Ocean Boulevard, for a while.

An empty wheel chair approached; she hailed it and was hardly conscious of anything else till she found herself handing the boy a dollar and walking into the lobby of the Chance Club. People all around her—she was nodding to them automatically; and then, against the wall, she saw a telephone booth. That wakened her. She had promised. . . .

For the first time since he came to Palm Beach Willie Bascom had gone to bed by Sloanestown hours. He was asleep at half past nine; and so soundly asleep that an insistent bell had tinkled unbelievably long through his dreams before he finally opened heavy eyes and caught at the telephone.

"Bill!" Her voice was low, dull, almost desperate. "I'm in trouble. At the Chance Club."

"Good heavens! Have you——"

"I've just come. Haven't started to play; but—it's a drug."

"I'll come right up," he promised.

"I'll wait five minutes," she told him. "Five minutes by my wrist watch."

He tumbled out of bed, pulled on his clothes—blue serge coat and white flannel trousers. No need of a hat tonight. There was a row of waiting wheel chairs in front of the Everglades Club; with flapping garters and unbuttoned shirt he ran down and jumped into the nearest, his collar and tie in his hand, and finished dressing in a ride that probably broke the track record for the South Trail.

And he was in time. She was standing in the open doorway, the gay shawl embroidered with green leaves and pink roses flung over her green gown, her face dull, as if she were drugged indeed. He went up to her and took her hand.

"Come. We'll ride."

They rode, for hours it seemed to him, up and down streets and avenues and narrow country trails where hanging palm fronds brushed his shoulder. She lay back with closed eyes, motionless but not asleep, shaken occasionally by a long, quivering sigh. He held her hand. And at last—they were coming down the Ocean Boulevard from the inlet—she stirred, sat up, and smiled at him.

"There! That's over. Thank you, my dear."

"Shall I take you home?"

"We might ride down to the house, but it's too early to go home. Can't be more than half past one. Let's sit down on the beach for a while and look at the stars."

THEY dismissed the chair; he took her hand and guided her down the narrow pathway through the belt of thorny shrubs. On the beach was a brown log, the bole of some palm tree cast up by a storm; she sat down on it, he sank down in the sand at her feet and put his head on her knees. Her hands played in his hair.

"It's the first time this thing has got me,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

she said, at last, "since that other night—you remember. Five days ago."

He lifted his head and smiled into her eyes.

"Thank you for calling me," he said.

"I was very obedient, wasn't I?"

"Yes. You're awfully kind to me, Helen. Generous."

She laughed. "I suppose some people would call it abject. I've always done what you asked me to, haven't I?"

"Yes," he agreed, wondering. "Even from the first. It almost scares me. Why do you do it, Helen? Why did you do it, even before——"

She clasped her hands over her knees, leaned back, laughing.

"Why? Don't you know, Bill? Simplest thing in the world. It was what's commonly known as love at first sight."

"HELEN!" He stood up, breathing hard. In the silence—there was no surf that night—she heard the long rustling of sand falling from his clothes. "Love at first sight? Oh, my God! When——"

"Do you remember when we first met?" she asked, eagerly. "Or where—back in Chicago? I don't, but——"

"I don't believe we ever did meet in Chicago."

"But we must have. Because—— I'll tell you when I fell in love with you, my dear—when and how. You'll think it's just superstition, maybe, but I know it's real. I feel it. . . . You remember I thought we'd met on the train?"

"Yes," he whispered, looking down at the sand.

"Well—this is the reason. I came down alone from Chicago. A pretty blue trip; I thought a lot about Paul and what a rotten time I'd had the last two winters at Palm Beach. And one afternoon about dusk, when I'd been thinking all day and getting bluer and bluer, I went to sleep in my seat.

"I dreamed. It was all vague—nobody in particular; but it was some sort of dream about love. It made me feel more peaceful and happy, somehow; as if everything would come out all right, as if there were somebody who would make it come out all right. . . . Just then there was a big bump when the train stopped or started, or something, and I woke up. At least, I thought I was awake—maybe not; I was looking out of the window, into the night—I remember snow was falling—and there was a face. Your face. Just as if it were hanging in air—just a white face, looking sort of worried and sort of eager and sort of—well, as if you liked me. A white face and those black eyebrows. Whether I was asleep or half awake I don't know, but your face was part of the dream, and I knew in that moment that you were the one who would make it come out all right. So when I saw you down here—well, I just sort of tumbled right into your arms, didn't I?"

He had turned away; she heard a queer noise.

"Bill!" Her voice was soft and pleading. "Bill, I suppose I'm silly and superstitious—but please don't laugh at me. Please."

He faced her and she saw that he was crying.

"I can't go on with it," he said, chokingly. "Not after that."

"Bill!" She tried to rise; he put his hands on her shoulders, forced her back to her seat on the log. With a coat sleeve he brushed the tears from his eyes.

"Don't say anything," he said, dully, "till I'm through. Don't get up and walk away if you can help it. . . . I haven't got any excuse except—— Well—there's no excuse, I guess. There couldn't be.

"Helen, I've spent just one day in Chicago in my life. I came from a little town downstate—a town of twelve hundred people—the sort of town you've never seen, except from a Pullman window in an express train that didn't stop. My father was an oil man, yes—he drove the wagon and filled cans of kerosene at the kitchen door. I never had more than nine hundred dollars of my own money in my life, and I haven't got nine dollars now. And the first time we met—— That *was* my face you saw that night in the dusk and snow. No dream. It seemed to be hanging in the air because I was looking into your lighted window, looking at you, from behind the door of a box car on the next track. That was how I got to Palm Beach—in box cars.

"I—I remember, too, how we looked into each other's eyes. You meant everything I'd never had in my life, and always wanted, and never could have. Only I wouldn't have been rotten enough to speak to you, or to go with your kind of people and be the bluff and fake and false front that I've turned out to be—if I'd known or dreamed that you'd fallen in love.

"I didn't know! . . . Oh, I'd always wanted to come South in winter; to see palm trees. I got here with a single suitcase and not a cent. When we met at the ferry I'd just picked up some oranges in a hotel lobby for my breakfast. I—then I never supposed I'd see you or speak to you again.

"BUT Dudley Hills—we really did come from the same town, and it amused him to let me have some money and help me get a start. It was a joke—on Palm Beach and on me. He thought, and I thought, then, that I'd get a job with some real estate firm and sell lots in Northwood or South Palm Beach and make my winter's expenses and be content.

"But I'd bought some clothes, and he'd let me have an apartment, and I began to meet people—I kept meeting you. Dancing with you. Swimming with you. And then I sort of went crazy, I guess. They say fairy tales come true in Florida real estate, and I tried to make them. I did all sorts of wild things and kept getting in deeper and deeper—because I wanted to make really big money—trying to bring myself up to your level. Of course, I couldn't. I didn't have anything to go on, except my nerve—and my white pants.

"When your father started talking about this Fountain River deal I really believed Hills would lend me the money—he'd lent me a lot already—and I could make a lot and pay my debts and be able to—— But he wouldn't lend it to me, when it came to the pinch, and that broke me. But, my God, if I'd ever dreamed—it didn't seem imaginable that you could fall in love with me, and when—when things began to happen I tried to hang on and make something break right. . . .

"I might have known I couldn't, but I kept hoping. I kept getting in deeper and deeper and getting you in deeper and deeper, and now, my God, I've disgraced you, treated you a million times worse than that rotten Russian prince——"

"BILL!" Her quiet, authoritative voice broke in on his ravings. He looked up, looked at her; her hands were clasped over her knees, her brocade-slippered foot rocked saucily. She was laughing.

"Bill! What's all that got to do with it?"

He stared into the distance.

"Did you really think I'd be angry—do you think any girl would be angry—at a boy who went crazy and did all sorts of wild things and got in deeper and deeper and tried to make fairy tales come true—just because he loved her? You can't make me furious that way."

"But, Helen——"

"What difference does it make if I did see you first in a box car? I knew then that you were the one who'd make everything come all right, and I've known it ever since."

"But I've made everything go all wrong."

"You haven't made anything go wrong—anything that counts."

He knew she was lying. She was shaking now, and not with laughter. But Helen's emotions were voting under the unit rule.

"But I've let you in for such a terrible smash, now that it's all in the papers about us—— You're absolutely divine to try to forgive me, but I can't ever forgive myself."

"Oh, nonsense! Brace up and we'll decide what we'd better do."

"We?" He choked on the word.

"Certainly, we. Even if I did toss myself at you, you're not going to throw me over now, are you?"

Her gallant gayety had gone; it was all she could do to hold her voice steady now. White-faced and quivering, they looked at each other; then Willie laughed.

"Throw you over? . . . But you ought to—I'm not fit to live. I—I've got to tell your father the truth. Now that I've told you I feel clean and decent for the first time in three weeks. I can't tell everybody, of course, but I want to tell him. I'm tired of lying."

"Of course you're tired of lying, poor dear; so you'd better rest a while and let me take my turn. We'll have to tell Dad some time, but not yet. He's been so terribly afraid I'd fall for some f——"

She stumbled on the word, but he had guessed it; it was one of the sore spots that must be left till time could heal them. So she came out bravely:

"For some fortune hunter."

"No wonder," said Willie. "But—I've been a liar and pretender, Helen, but I never was *that*."

"As if I didn't know it!" The utter faith in her voice matched the utter honesty in his. "Why, you made me go right out after you! So you let me think up a story to tell Dad. I'm going fishing with him after lunch—at Cutlass Inlet, up the coast—some place Clem recommended. But the speed boat will bring us back by four, and you and I can go for a long swim and I'll coach you in our story. And now"—she was suddenly limp and exhausted—"you'd better take me back to the

Trub's *In* Again!

YOU can't keep John Taintor Foote's amazing pup out of Liberty's pages. He'll be back next week, after an absence of a month, continuing his inimitable Diary with an account of some further mix-ups in the family circle of the Trescotts, at whose house he lives, and, in particular, of a calamitous thing he did, without meaning it, to his friend Toodles. He introduced Toodles to the joys of cat chasing, and what happened to Toodles was a plenty! Wait till he tells you about it

Next Week

Bodine had conducted some curious negotiations, with still more curious persons, on the West Palm Beach waterfront.

house. We're both rather frazzled, aren't we? We need a long sleep."

He lifted her up, held her in his arms, looked down into the warm topaz eyes.

"Helen, I didn't believe there was so much goodness and generosity in the world. I won't be able to repay you in all our lives——"

"You don't have to, dearest. I did it for pure selfish pleasure. You see, I happen to love you."

So Willie Bascom, who ought to have swum out to the Gulf Stream and let the sharks eat him, walked briskly home instead, assured that for a girl like that, with a girl like that, even he, scum of the earth though he was, could lick the universe. He ran down the empty Lake Trail, ran up the steps of the apartment house, and stooped to pick up a telegram that had been thrust under his door.

Long Key, Fla., Jan. 20, 9:56 P. M.
William Bascom, Palm Beach, Fla.

Glad you had sense enough and nerve enough to try again. Congratulate you on working quick. Miami Herald carries report of your engagement to Helen Charters. If this is correct, your proposition of yesterday is accepted and you can have fifty grand when I return tomorrow. Wire me at once. HILLS.

Willie took the telephone receiver off the hook.

"Western Union, please. . . . Hello. Western Union? This is 9243. Ready? . . . Dudley Hills, Long Key, Florida. Go to hell. Signed—Bascom."

III.

SWINGING the black bag that carried his bathing suit, Willie walked up the Lake Trail through the sunshine of afternoon and into the Chance Club office. Dudley Hills rose, leaned forward across his desk, and held out his hand; Willie didn't take it.

"Still sore, eh?" said Hills. "When you're as old as I am you'll know it doesn't pay to nurse a grudge. Well—perhaps this will make you shake hands with me."

He took a checkbook from his pocket and wrote in it. When his hand came forward again it held a slip of blue paper; Willie's eyes caught the words "fifty thousand."

"Didn't you get my telegram?"

"No," said Hills. "Then it isn't true?"

"Oh, yes, it's true. I wired you to go to hell."

"Profane language, my boy, cannot be sent by telegraph. No wonder I didn't get the message. But why did you send it, if it's true?"

"Because it isn't true the way you think. . . . I've told her the truth—everything. We're still engaged. But I haven't told her father, or anybody else, yet. I'm going to, however—and when I do I don't think you'll find me a very good investment."

"So she knows and she's still for you—still sticking to you?"

"Yes."

"And I thought *I* was a gambler! . . . Bascom, what did you want that fifty thousand for? On the level, now."

"No harm in telling you now, I guess. For a real estate investment up Fountain River. With Charters."

"With Charters? You mean with Bodine, don't you?"

"Bodine? Why, no. That is—— This has all been pretty secret——"

"Mighty few things are so secret around Palm Beach that I don't know them; that's my business. So it was Charters! Bodine was doing all that buying of options up Fountain River, and I thought he was doing it on his own. Especially when he organized that dummy Fontaine Realty Corporation for his second options——"

"Bodine? The second options? Lord, if Charters only knew!"

"Well, you can tell him," said Hills, with a grin. "So Bodine was buying options for Charters and more for himself, eh? What was the game?"

"Why, I believe Charters was pretty deep in the market and it looked as if he wouldn't have the cash to buy the property."

"Oho! And Bodine was going to be ready. Well, Bascom, you and I have said some rough

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To Bob or Not To Bob When Gray Hair Comes

"IF I ONLY DARED." Many women hesitate because of doubt as to how it will look. Certainly it is convenient and comfortable. If the contour of face and head permit, the short hair vogue is charming and youthful. But gray, faded, or bleached hair, unfortunately, is emphasized by the bob, shingle or pompadour. Brownatone overcomes the handicap. In a moment's time, with no troublesome mixing, no day-after-day treatment, those shorn locks can be becomingly tinted in natural shades from lightest blonde to deep brown or black.

Brownatone has brought the look of youth to millions. You can prove it to your own satisfaction. Send for Trial Bottle and test it on the tip ends of your hair. You'll be pleasantly amazed at the result. Specify shade wanted — "Light blonde to medium brown," or "Dark brown to black." All dealers sell Brownatone in two sizes—50c and $1.50—under the guarantee of the manufacturer. Harmless—uniform—permanent—quick — satisfactory. Hesitate no longer. Tint away those gray locks that make you unhappy.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

The KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
1060 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

SPECIAL OFFER! Trial bottle for testing will be sent anywhere in plain package (no publicity) on receipt of 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c a bottle

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

things to each other, but if I can make you believe that this is purely a real estate investment I'll let you have that fifty thousand to help Charters out. Fountain River's a good prospect—oh, yes, I knew about the railroad, too. Purely as an investment. Here. Take the check."

"Too late," said Willie. "Something went right on the market yesterday and Charters can swing it himself now. I'd told him I couldn't."

"*Rien ne va plus*," said Hills, with resignation. "That's that. But he might still let you in—and I'll lend you the money——"

"You'll lend me the money because you think I'm sure to get some with Helen. But I don't believe I'll get a nickel. Neither does she. We're going to try to hang on till I can swing something, but——"

"Crazy," Hills murmured. "Crazy kids! . . . But, Lord, to be twenty-three, with a pretty girl and your first pair of white pants ——Listen, Bascom, there's no use your going back to a park bench just yet. I'll let you have money —for real estate deals. No strings on it—no idea of your getting money with the girl. Just plain business."

"I'll talk it over tomorrow," said Willie. "I've got an engagement now."

"Going to see her, eh? And her father?"

"Later."

"Well, you might tell him who's back of the Fontaine Realty Company. Maybe that will give you a little standing with the family."

"You're awfully good to me, Mr. Hills."

"Nobody needs to be good to a boy in your fix. Lord, when I was twenty-three, going to take Lizzie Wyatt buggy riding, with a pink shirt and a flower in my buttonhole and my white pants——"

SO Willie marched off toward the pink stucco palace with his news. It was valuable news—doubly valuable, for Helen had told him, before he left her the night before, that Bodine had stirred up suspicion against him. Now he could crush Bodine. Of course, that didn't uncrush Willie, but it helped. Maybe something would break right. For a girl like that, with a girl like that, something must break right.

She hadn't come back, she and her father, though it was four o'clock, when he reached the house. He waited, wondering if anything had gone wrong; if she had had to tell him. But, more probably, Charters, who loved his fishing, had told Helen that her swim with Willie could wait. That must be it.

But by five o'clock he wasn't so sure. Neither were the servants. At five-thirty he called Bodine at the Poinciana, but the room clerk told him that Bodine had gone to Jacksonville and wouldn't be back till Monday. At six o'clock he telephoned to the dock on Lake Worth where Charters kept his speed boat. And by seven o'clock, half frantic, though the day was calm and there had been no squall that might have swamped them, he hired a motor boat himself and ran up to Cutlass Inlet.

IT was dark when he arrived, but the searchlight played up and down the ranks of tangled mangroves, along the borders of the still water, along the clumps of drooping coconut trees and waving clusters of cabbage palms. No one was there. No sight of anyone. Here was a sort of landing, however—a short, stoutly built dock, a roadway running away from it through the jungle——

"Bootleggers," said his boatman. "This is one of the places they run in, bringin' it up from the Bahamas."

"Good gosh! Do you suppose —— If Charters ran in on them they might——"

"Chances are they'd let him alone if he let them alone. I know a lot of these fellows. They're all right. He'd go on fishin' and they'd finish unloadin' their cargo. Anyway, Mr. Bascom, there's nothing here. Might as well go back. Maybe they're in by now."

But they weren't in. They hadn't been seen. Willie went to the police, but they failed to get excited.

"Who was in the boat? Just Mr. Charters, and his daughter, and their nigger engineer? Yes, I know that nigger—Roscoe, ain't it? He could fix any ordinary engine trouble. Likely Charters decided to run on up the coast a ways. Still, if you think——"

"I think they may have run into a nest of bootleggers unloading in Cutlass Inlet and been held up or something."

"Bootleggers? Look here, young fellow. There ain't no bootleggers in Palm Beach County. . . . But we might send a boat up to look around, after all. No, no use your goin' again. You wait here. You'll hear if we find out anything."

So he went back to Charters' house. No news there. It was a night of utter stillness; no wind, no surf. He had to do something, but he couldn't do anything. Aimlessly he wandered out, across the boulevard, down to the beach; on the brown palm bole, the log of driftwood where Helen had sat the night before, he sat down, his head in his hands.

The winning of a lovely girl—a fortune—all Willie's future happiness depended on whether he had the pluck to meet the final crisis. How he reacted in the ultimate test will be revealed in the final installment, in next week's issue.

Odd Conceits Mark Paris Robes

By Mary Brush Williams

PARIS, FRANCE.

A LITTLE flat leopard, cut out of his own fur, adorned the pocket of a very extreme beige kasha coat, which began life in the rather over civilized city of Paris and will pass a few weeks in the not very savage wilds of Palm Beach.

"Is that how you can tell what kind of fur your coat's trimmed in?" asked someone of the pert young flapper who was introducing the novelty. For, of course, the collar and the cuffs were of leopard, too. If they had been of squirrel, then a serious little squirrel would have rested upright with his tail pointed stiffly at attention on pocket, collar, or sleeve.

It is the thing this season to have a replica somewhere on your person of the animal whose fur you wear. A minor conceit, maybe, but very dashing, and contradictory of the accusation that is coming up against the French that they are not going in for detail any more.

I watched the accompanying offerings as they were day by day being culled from the Paris fashions on view for the Riviera and St. Moritz. My comment on the selection as a whole was, "There doesn't seem to be very much to wear. For mornings, that is, and just any time at all." That is the trouble about Paris fashions; they are so highly specialized that they keep you changing your clothes all of the time.

"There's this," defended the flapper's mother, who had engineered the proceedings. It was on a morning after the last purchase had been made, and all the wardrobe lay over bed and chairs, awaiting the arrival of the professional packer, who was to get it ready for the trip to America. Sure enough, she picked up a tailleur, which is not only practical, but demonstrates a step in the development of styles. The dress embodies brocaded cloth with knitted material, the latter being represented by the stripes up the sides, where the history of your movements will not be left in the impress of your knees.

The third offering represents the separate day wrap which is like that old-time Victorian "blazer" in general effect. It is a cross between the coat and the sweater of today. It is short, it is snappy, it is fur-free, and it buttons up to the throat on occasion.

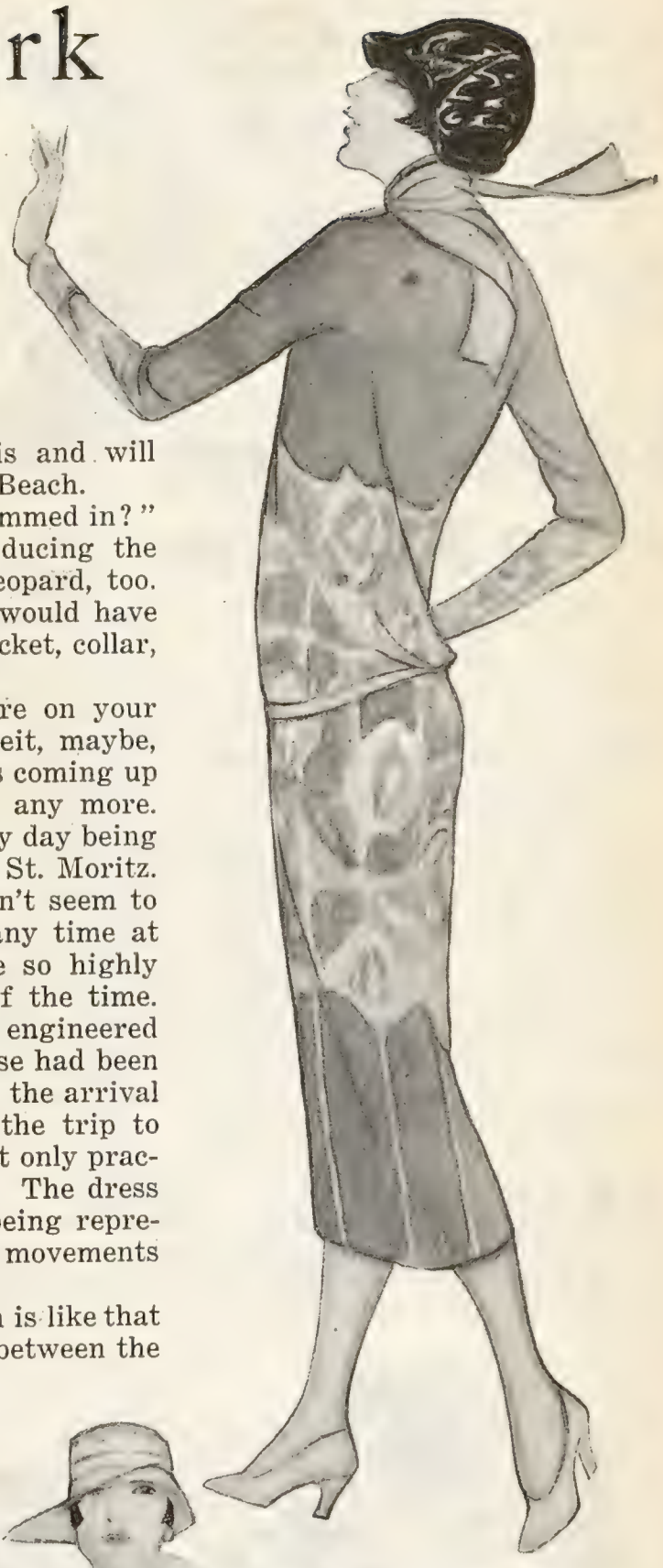
This one of the sketch is all hand embroidered. Please note that it is accompanied by a hat with a brim. Ere long I fancy there will be no hat without a brim. I think I noticed a tendency to the tricorn, Napoleonic form. I certainly noticed a hat of that form—which I bought.

You remember that stunning, gritty, silken material, like whole wheat bread in color and texture, and like one of those pebbly breakfast foods to look at. It was so lovely, but so impractical because it pulled out long.

The French have once again conquered nature in getting this material embroidered and plaided with sturdy real silk threads that ornament even while holding it like a steel construction. The last sketch shows it as made up in a Paris dress of beige color and embroidered in yellow flowers.

A SUIT of dark blue brocaded cloth combines with knitted material in stripes up its sides. The coat unbuttons into a waving flare.

COAT of beige kasha with leopard fur trimming and small leopard cut out of fur on pocket.



DRESS of sand colored boucle silk, plaided with yellow silk threads and embroidered in yellow flowers.

SEPARATE coat for winter resorts in white wool, hand embroidered in black.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your foot measurement. Make this test at our risk.

Stop Foot Pains in 10 Minutes

"I SUFFERED from foot pains for years. I could hardly stand or walk. Dancing was impossible. Then I tried a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Now my feet never hurt me. I can walk all day, dance all night. Enjoy all the pleasures of vigorous outdoor life, and forget I have feet. There is more spring and youth in my step than ever before." This is what scores have told us who have tried this new guaranteed way to foot comfort.

A New Scientific Discovery

No matter how much you are on your feet, no matter how your feet or legs ache, the Jung Arch Brace brings you sure relief from suffering. If our method fails the test costs you nothing. The cause of foot troubles is weakening of the muscles of the foot from overstrain. That tired, burning, aching sensation after wearing the shoes for a few hours; pains in the toes, ball, instep, arch or heel; dull aches in the ankle, knee or calf of the leg; cramped toes and callouses, sharp pains when stepping on uneven surfaces, all these are due to arch troubles, caused by weakening of the muscles that hold the arch in place.

This destroys the balance of the foot. The arches sag. Bones press down on sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Pain and suffering result.

This Guaranteed Way

Almost Instant Relief

The Jung Arch Brace is a band of super-elastic webbing which is worn around the instep. It is light, porous, comfortable, yet firm and durable. It is worn, unnoticed, under or over the hosiery.

It holds the arch in place, removes the pressure on the nerves and sensitive blood vessels, and pain vanishes—magically. Soon you can discard the braces.

Make This Test at Our Risk

Ask your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist to fit you with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them for two weeks. If not relieved, return them to the dealer and he will refund your money.

If your dealer can't supply you, write to us. With a strip of paper half an inch wide, measure around the instep where the front of the band is shown in the diagram. Send this measurement, together with size and width of shoe, and we will mail you a pair to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage for a pair of Jung Wonder Arch Braces. For extra large or wide feet, or severe cases, we recommend the Jung Miracle Arch Brace, extra wide. Price $1.50 and postage. Or send the money and we will prepay postage. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them and we will refund your money. (In Canada, $1.25 and $1.75. C. O. D. in U. S. A. only.)

The Jung Arch Brace Co.
242 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

In Canada Address Kirkham & Roberts, 242 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto.

Write for FREE BOOK

Contains valuable information about foot troubles and their correction. Illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Write for a FREE copy.

JUNG'S *The "Original"* **ARCH BRACES**

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

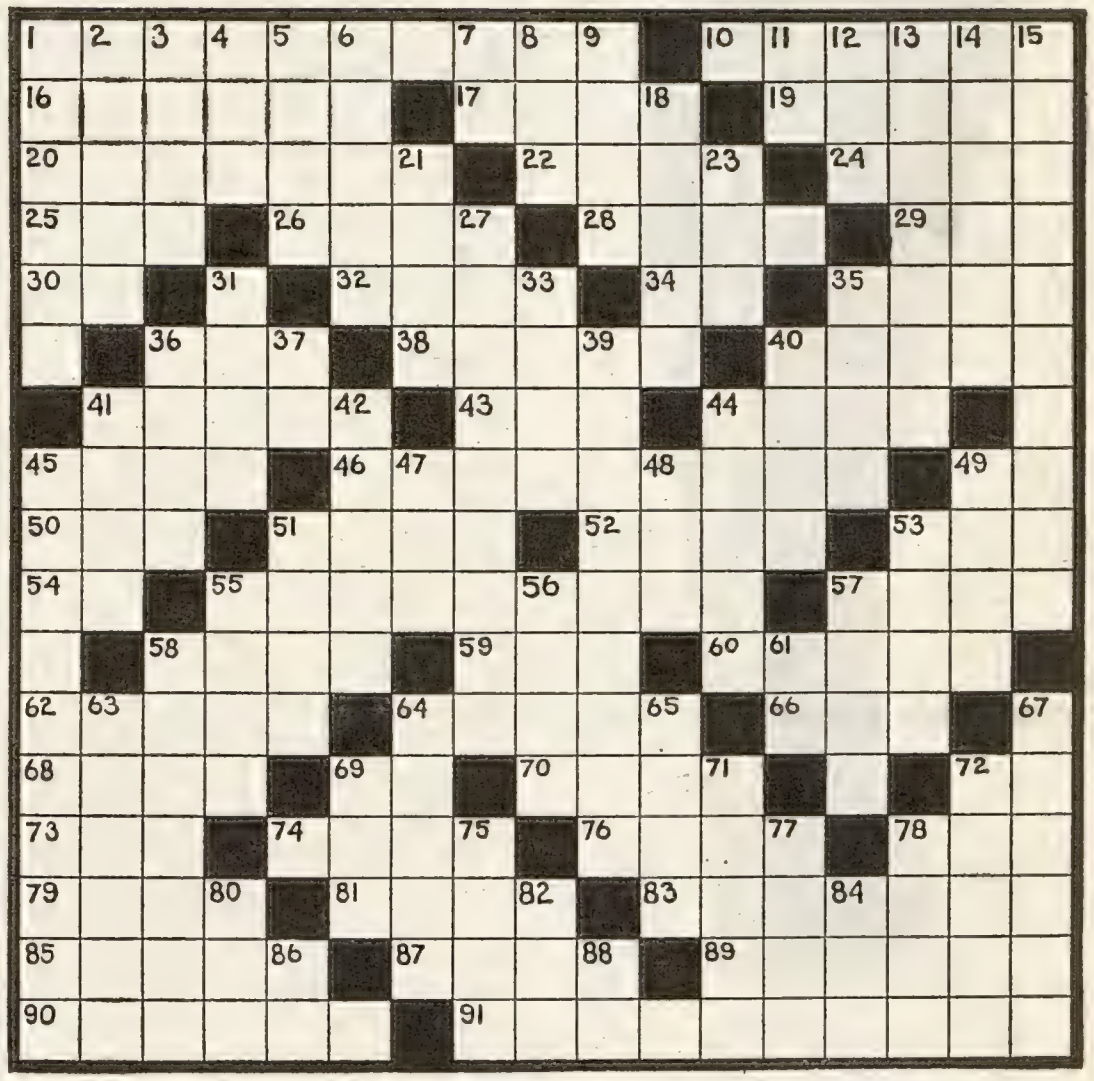
Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 17

INTERWOVEN in this puzzle is a very clever swastica design. Your swastica is an old Greek talisman that was supposed to bring good luck. Believe us, you will need it when you start on the hunt for such words as Horizontal Number 40, defined as "A thin metal plate or disc," or Vertical Number 3, meaning "In heraldry, the word signifying attired." We're going to tell you that the first answer is "paten" and the second "rame." The Greeks were right!

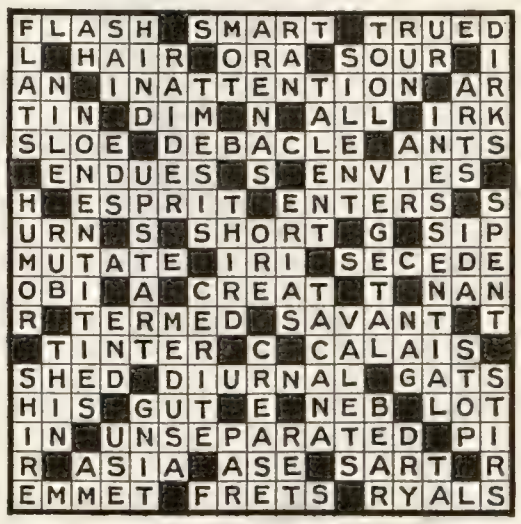


HORIZONTAL

1 Rendering ineffective
10 A space-bar [machinery]
16 Pictures
17 To sense
19 Beach
20 Bemoans
22 Belonging to one
24 Provides with weapons
25 To fabricate
26 A specific day, month, and year
28 To affirm with confidence
29 To take a fluid with the lips
30 One
32 Lairs
34 Prefix meaning "out of"
35 A light open cotton fabric
36 To thrust with violence
38 To revolve with great speed
40 A thin metal plate or disc
41 Articles of merchandise
43 A form of the verb "to be"
44 Members of one of the Indo-Chinese tribes
45 A trigonometrical term
46 Eulogistic oration or writing
49 A Chinese measure of length
50 To total
51 A soft, soapy mineral
52 Part of a harness
53 Boggy land
54 Exist
55 To begin to grow or develop
57 The scoria of a volcano
58 An article of food
59 To drowse
60 A thread passed through the skin for counter-irritation [med.]
62 To degrade
64 A heron
66 To fell
68 A civil wrong
69 A state of the U. S. [abbr.]
70 Greek god of war
72 The initials of a continent
73 An evil of any kind
74 A city of Italy
76 Undermines
78 A letter of the Greek alphabet
79 To overlay the inner side of a roof
81 Saucy
83 One who restores order
85 The wild buffalo of India
87 A coin
89 Brought to destruction
90 Those who unintentionally part with something of value
91 Highly contagious disease of dogs [plural]

VERTICAL

1 A column or shaft
2 With full force
3 In heraldry, a word signifying "attired"
4 To grow old
5 To grant the use of
6 A seaport of Sweden
7 Provided that
8 A prefix meaning recent or late
9 The cheek or lateral part of the head [zoology]
11 An addition to a letter [initials]
12 An exclamation
13 Stays
14 A fur-bearing animal
15 Replying
18 On the same line or plane
21 To boil slowly or with a simmering heat
23 Gender
27 Intensifying
31 Risk
33 The male parent of a beast, especially a horse
35 Secular
36 Gold mining district of South Africa
37 Personal pronoun
39 Those who reassort sizes of broken stuff, such as coal
40 Ache
41 Broad
42 Small particle of fire
44 Attempts
45 Enjoying or bringing an intermission of labor
47 Gratuitous gift to the poor [singular]
48 Still
49 To incline from a vertical position
51 Combining form: far off
53 To run, as a stream
55 The pith of a matter
56 Heroine of Ibsen's A Doll's House.
57 The main axis or body of a tree or other plant
58 A bird of the snipe family [plural]
61 An expression of inquiry or slight surprise
63 A Spanish dance.
64 A frame for holding a picture or object of art
65 Rend
67 In Scotland, a tenant in chief of the Crown [plural]
69 A small fruit seed
71 Lean; scanty
72 Very thin or transparent; said of a fabric
75 Parched with heat
77 A foul back street of a city
78 A tree
80 A famous American general
82 A prefix meaning threefold
84 The edge or margin of a hollow vessel
86 A noun suffix indicating one that does or performs
88 While



Answer to Puzzle No. 16

A New Dress *Is a* Tonic *for* Drooping Spirits

ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE, 10 CENTS

By PATRICIA

THERE are times in every woman's life when life just doesn't seem worth while living. Everyone seems against you and you don't even think well of yourself. Sometimes it's the doctor you need to see, but invariably a new frock will work wonders with your disposition and the world will take on quite a rosy aspect again. It's worth a trial next time you're stricken with the "blues."

Tucked away in every woman's wardrobe there should be a frock of the dressier type so that if you are unexpectedly invited to dance, dine, or play cards you have not the age-old excuse, "I have nothing to wear." If you are very young the gay colored taffetas might be selected from which to make design No. 2305. Silk crepes are also suitable.

Pattern No. 2305 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

A new dress in an hour! That's tempting, isn't it? If you make it after pattern No. 1929 it will cost you only for material. The patterns for this design cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard 16-inch contrasting.

Tiers that extend just across the front of the skirt are used a great deal on the latest designs. The original of No. 2258 was of black satin, with metallic embroidered henna crepe for the double collar, cuffs, and pockets. Silk crepe and ribbed silks are also suitable. The pattern for No. 2258 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Plaid kasha was selected for pattern No. 2147, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Hair-line striped twill, homespun, and ribbed silks are suggested. Notice that this design is worn with one of the new wide leather belts. The 36-inch size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting.

The older woman and the woman of mature figure will like the youthful lines of pattern No. 2303. It is made with the bosom front, and a circular skirt band suggests the tunic mode. It can be made with or without the cape back, and with long or short sleeves.

Silk crepe, a fine ribbed silk or twill, would be an excellent choice of materials. The pattern, No. 2303, is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns
PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number	Size	Price
.....		
.....		
.....		

NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY .....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

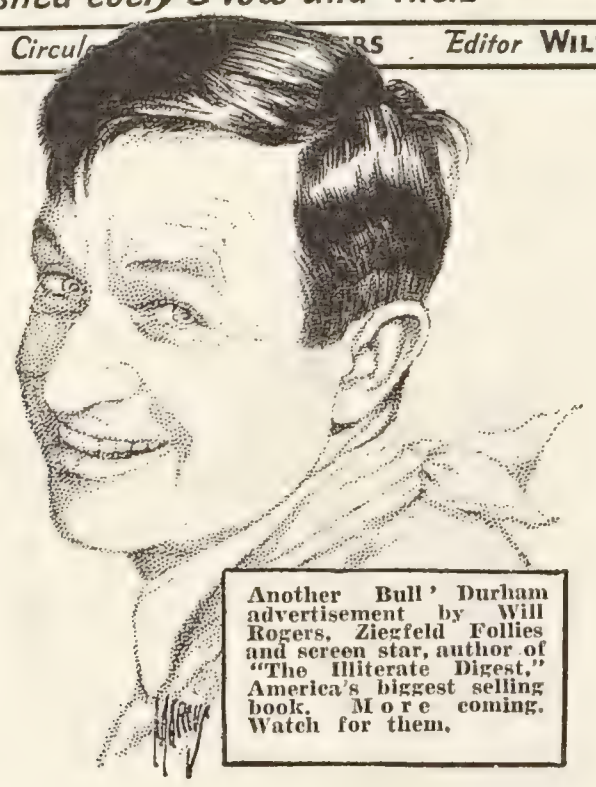
Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circul[illegible]RS* *Editor* WILL ROGERS



Another Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, author of "The Illiterate Digest," America's biggest selling book. More coming. Watch for them.

EVERYWHERE you go everybody is figuring out a Cross Word Puzzle. Nobody is working or even exercising. America will lose the next War but win the next Puzzle Contest. It's the greatest craze that has hit this country since Prohibition. People say to me, "Why Will, you don't understand; it is an education, it learns you more ways to say one word." If you know one way to say a word, what do you need to know any more for? Nobody is going to give you anything for nothing, I don't care how many ways you ask for it. Our nation has never been short on words. We might lack ideas sometimes but never words. This puzzle has done one thing, it has learned us which is Horizontal and which is Vertical. But a Cross Word Puzzle is not new. Railroad Time Tables have been out for years. Smoke 'Bull' Durham while working one, that is, if you want to; if you don't, why smoke wherever you want to.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor — more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Superfluous Labor

Little Beatrice was asked by her mother to fill the fruit dish with bananas and bring it into the living room where guests were being served. When Beatrice brought in the dish everyone noticed it was dirty.

"Why, Beatrice," cried her much-embarrassed mother, "why didn't you wipe the dish?"

"Oh, mother, you don't eat the skin of the banana, do you?"—R. L., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

A Perfect Pupil

Willie's parents were expecting distinguished guests, and Willie's grandfather, a gentleman of the old school, undertook to improve Willie's manners. Among other instructions the boy was told to be sure to greet each arrival verbally, and also with a deep bow. What was his grandfather's horror to hear him speaking thusly to a noted guest: "Howydo, with a deep bow, Mrs. Tremayne!"—Mrs. V. R. S., Meridian, Miss.

* * *

That's a Fair Question

One of our neighbors has the most inquisitive little girl I ever knew—she just simply asks one question after another, until one is tired out trying to answer. The other day her mother, being busy, finally said:

"Don't be so curious, Ella; curiosity killed the cat, you know."

Instantly came another question: "What did the cat want to know, mamma?"—Mrs. A. J. C., East Galena, Kas.

* * *

The Apostrophe Slipped

A sixth grade boy was reading the poem, Cleon and I, and the closing stanza was something like this: "Death may come, he'll find me ready, happy man am I."

Imagine the surprise of the teacher when Johnny rendered it thus: "Death may come, hell find me ready, happy man am I."—M. K. S., Greensburg, Pa.

* * *

A Good Reason

Small Eleanor listened to her older sister and brother discuss the fact that there is no marrying in Heaven.

"I wonder why there is no marrying in Heaven," said the sister.

"I know," Eleanor spoke confidently.

"Tell me," urged her brother.

"'Cause they ain't no men there."—M. C., Hodgenville, Ky.

$1,000 This Week for Last Lines to Limericks — See Page 34

FREE!

Pocket Comb for Bobs

In a Real Leather Case
(4 In. Long)

No woman who wants her hair to ripple and wave becomingly should brush it with the straightening strokes of the old-fashioned, straight-bristled brush. No woman ever **would** who has used the Wavex brush with the **curve-set** bristles. Here's a special inducement to try it!

For a limited time, a Wavex comb is **free** with every Wavex brush. Helps wavy hair on the same principle as does the brush—the teeth are **curved** instead of stiff and straight.

Why Wavex is Best for all Women's Hair

The gentle undulation you give the hair that passes through **curved** rows of bristles, or **curved** teeth of the comb, conforms instead of conflicting with the tendency of all hair to curl. If your hair curls naturally, do not brush it straight with every stroke. A Wavex brush will make a **wonderful** difference. It will give the hair **life**—it will **polish** the hair—give a **sheen** not even dressings can rival.

Besides, a Wavex costs no more than any quality hairbrush. It is hand-made. Has real boar bristles that stand wetting. A real ebony back that stands washing. Price, $3.00—for a brush built to last a **lifetime!** And the splendid Wavex comb **free**—only $3 for **both** at druggists who have been supplied—or direct from the makers if your dealer hasn't Wavex! Use coupon:

(91A) THE WAVEX COMPANY,
456 South State Street, Chicago

Please send me one Wavex hair brush for a week's test. My money back if I want it. Include a Wavex comb FREE of any extra charge. I will pay $3 for both, plus the postage, on arrival. (Postpaid if you enclose the $3 now).

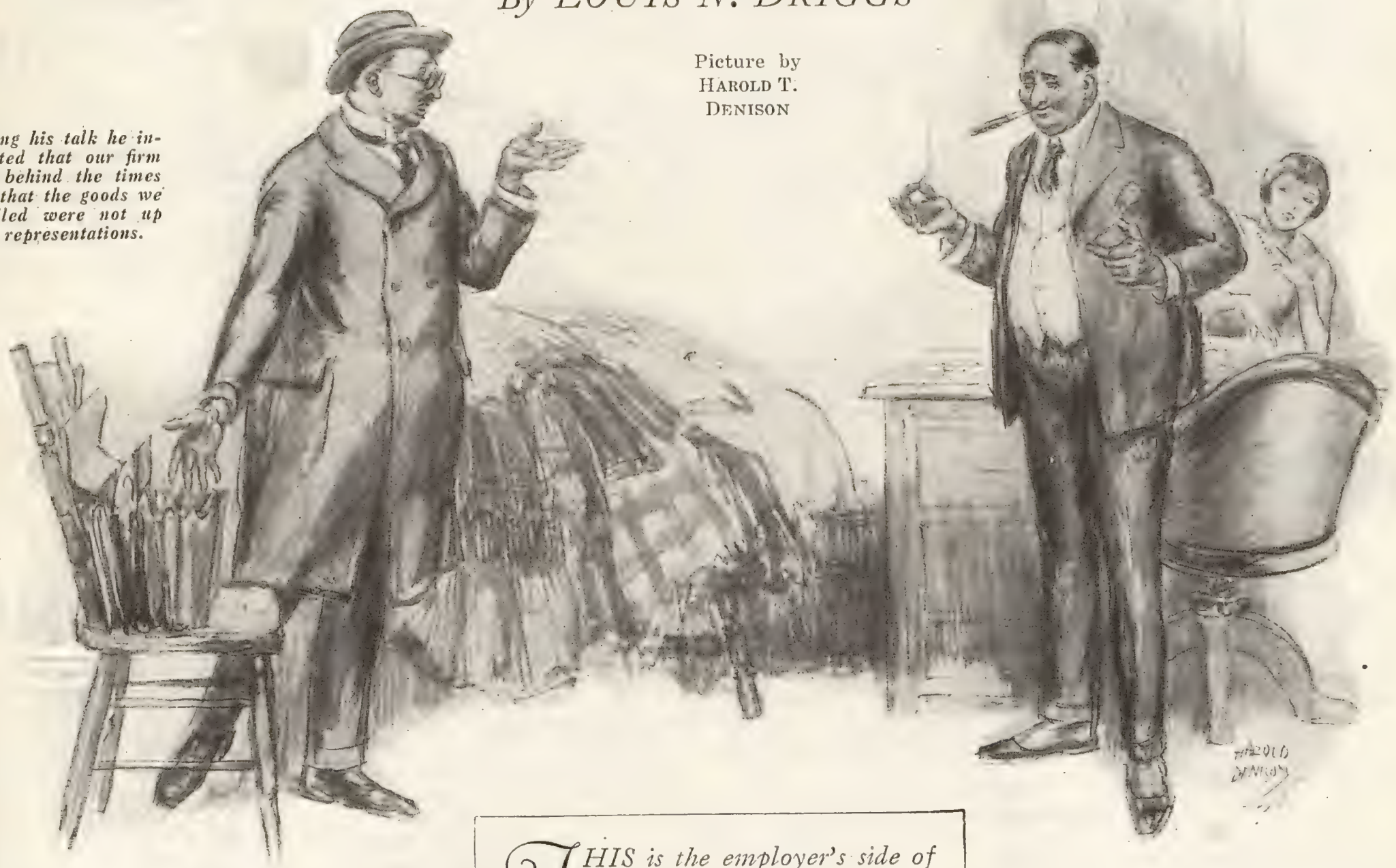
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SALESMEN
Who Make *or* Break Employers

By LOUIS N. DRIGGS

Picture by HAROLD T. DENISON



During his talk he intimated that our firm was behind the times and that the goods we handled were not up to representations.

THIS is the employer's side of the question of the relations between the salesman and the employer, presented by the head of a well-known commercial house, who for obvious reasons writes under an assumed name. In a previous article the viewpoint of the salesman was presented.

THERE are three kinds of salesmen, with an infinite variety of each species. They are: The salesman who works for himself and his house, the salesman who works for himself and the buyers, and the salesman who works for himself.

Every sales manager and some employers know that the salesman is the driving gear of every business. You can turn out the best product, have the best organization, and have the right price, but without a good sales department the rest is no good.

There are salesmen who are honest, conscientious, who work for their house as well as for themselves, yet there are too many of the other kind who think of themselves first, last, and all the time.

As a sales manager with nearly twenty years' experience in handling salesmen, the complaints of salesmen against alleged injustice, against unfair treatment by the firm and grinding methods of firms, make little impression. I have handled too many of these grouches and four-flushers to be impressed.

I have hired perhaps two hundred salesmen since the war period in order to get a dozen who have stuck and proved themselves capable. Whether that percentage is general or not I don't pretend to know.

Our men are among the high earning salesmen of the country. They make salaries which enable them to live well, keep cars, educate their children, and save money—a lot of money. The product they handle is staple, is nationally advertised, needs little argument, and has three competitors that count. The competition consists of each trying to better the product a little, shade the price a little, or sell better. Occasionally we can, through well timed purchases of raw material, undersell our rivals slightly. There is not, however, enough difference between the makes to cause anyone to prefer one to another. In other words, the profits depend upon salesmanship.

I WOULD say that two in every five applicants for a job as salesmen are bluffers—or worse. A fellow who will lie about how much he sold, will boast of his ability to sell, or knock his former employer, or the product he has been selling, is pretty sure to pursue similar tactics in selling your goods. The man who presents his credentials, shows his records, and states his position clearly and without waste of time usually is the best salesman.

In different positions I have handled sales forces on both salary and commission, on expenses and commission, on salary, expenses, and commission, and on salary with a fixed drawing account for expenses. The majority of concerns want their representatives to live well, and to come out even on expenses.

I have had more trouble over expense accounts than anything else. If a sales manager should be inclined to be cynical he might think all salesmen are "swindle sheet" experts. This is not true. I know salesmen who are so strictly honest they are losers continually on expense accounts through not charging items which are strictly legitimate but perhaps not entirely necessary. Some salesmen are so afraid of being charged with padding they lose the money.

These are unusual. The majority of salesmen save a little from their expense accounts, not considering themselves dishonest but merely "liberal." Others regularly swindle their firms.

The old days of grafting salesmen who charged huge amounts against their firm on the grounds of "entertainment" are about over. Buyers no longer accept drinks and hospitality from salesmen. But some salesmen still cling to the old habit.

The "loader up" is one of the worst type of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Not very long

ONLY ten minutes between the acts—not very long for you to make your good impression—is it?

While you stare at the curtain, you can both get a lot of inspiration if you have had the forethought to bring along a box of Romance Selections.

Romance Chocolates are *made especially as gift chocolates.* That's why such care is taken in the choice of their ingredients—why their chocolate coatings are so rich and smooth—why there is so wide a variety in each box.

Cox Confectionery Company
Boston, Mass.

Romance Selections come in 1, 2, and 5 lb. packages

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

salesmen. They are the men who pick only the "easy marks" among customers and skim the rest of the field. If a man is a close, careful buyer, this type of salesman is liable to pass him up and try to sell a big bill to an easy buyer.

We had a man a couple of years ago who was a good salesman. I studied his sales and found they changed suddenly. Instead of numerous orders and new customers for small lots, interspersed with some large ones, he went out on a trip and sent in nothing but tremendously big orders. For a time I imagined the sales marked big prosperity in his district. But he was not selling to the small buyers.

His second trip was even worse. I became suspicious and investigated. Then I was satisfied we were again the victim of a "floater." The man had agreed to quit us and was cleaning up by overstocking every buyer to whom he could sell. He was making price concessions, doing everything he could legally to make sales, "scalping" his field.

These men, however, while good salesmen, are not lasting successes. The real success is the fellow who can go back over the same field year after year, build up his following, and inspire them with confidence. We have a man who has been with us for years in one field. Last summer his health was bad and he was unable to travel. We were sorry and were preparing to send another man over his territory when he said:

"Don't do it; let me handle it."

He wrote every merchant in the district a short letter, saying:

"I am sick and unable to come this trip. Hope to see you in the fall."

He inclosed quotations and noted changes in the line briefly. His sales were larger than if he had gone on the trip. Every man he sold was his friend and wanted to help him.

EVERY once in a while there is a kick from a salesman who claims the house is holding out choice accounts on him, refusing to let him have commissions on some accounts in his territory. "Holding out accounts for the house," they call it.

I was with one house which held out three big accounts in a man's territory and allowed him full commissions, although he never went near them. The reason was that the heads of all three of these houses were close friends of our owner, who got all their business. He did not want a salesman interfering. One salesman kicked, claiming he could sell bigger bills to one of these men. Not knowing the relations existing, he made a fearful mess of it and almost lost the account.

I had another odd case. A man in an Indiana city happened to be a brother-in-law of our general manager. He also was a stockholder in the firm. The salesman was told to lay off that account. He cried he was being robbed. Unknown to the sales department he called on the man and tried to sell him more goods. During his talk he intimated that our firm was behind the times and that the goods we handled were not up to representations. His dilemma when the part owner revealed the relationship may be imagined.

THE tricks of salesmen are too numerous to mention, and while many are men of high honor and intelligence, too many are—well, let's be charitable and say unethical.

I have found men who carried side lines of their own, or for other houses, and devoted much of their time while on the road — their "spare time," they always called it—to selling the side lines. How far a man may go with this practice is a question. With his own house paying him well, and paying his expenses, how much time can he devote to selling other products? My own experience as a salesman was that it took all my time, and that was not enough, to handle my own line.

There are others who overstep the boundary of honesty, who play favorites among their buyers, and I have had rather unpleasant experiences with salesmen who framed orders.

One fellow we had, a big four-flusher, aroused my curiosity. He never came into the house that he did not roar around, swearing, kicking, and complaining that the negligence of the billing, or shipping, or some other department was costing him his customers. It seemed strange to me that so many of his orders went wrong. When he made an extra large sale it was almost certain something would happen to prevent delivery at the agreed time.

The similarity of the cases finally attracted my attention. I investigated and grew suspicious when I discovered that the salesman was in communication with a cousin of his in our plant. He was getting information from the factory as to what delays in making there were, and then framing with friends and relatives among his trade to place big orders to be canceled later. He must have taken six or seven thousand dollars in commissions by his crooked scheme, but he lost a good job.

Oh, yes, the salesman is a wronged and abused individual! I notice, however, that the ones who play fair and work for the interests of their houses, as well as for themselves, make pretty good incomes, and they are not found among the kickers. When they do kick the house listens.

THE END

Could she earn her own living?

SHE'S your daughter—and perhaps you hate to think of her having to work for a living.

But this sort of thing does happen in very nice families — and too often the girl is utterly unprepared for any well-paid occupation. So she takes a poorly-paid job as sales girl, waitress or clerk.

* * * *

It's different when there is a Corona in the home. A child who has learned to use Corona Four, with its standard office keyboard, can operate any office machine — and you've provided her with the best kind of an insurance policy. Write to the Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 168 Main St., Groton, N. Y., for full particulars.

CORONA

Do We BATHE Too Often?

Is a Cold Shower in the Morning the Best Thing for Us? Or Has Someone Been Ballyhooing Us Into It Against Common Sense? Here's the Answer!

By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

Pictures by
R. B. FULLER

You assail your breakfast with the courage of a lion.

DOCTOR BARTON AND HIS WORK

DOCTOR BARTON has always been identified with problems of health and athletics. At public school he was a consistent winner in athletic games, and for ten years he was a Y. M. C. A. physical director in Baltimore and Atlanta.

For the last sixteen years Doctor Barton has been physical director at the University of Toronto, for many years he has been the official physician for all amateur boxing bouts in Toronto, and he is official medical examiner for the Ontario Boxing Commission.

As medical director of the Canadian Health Service Institute, Doctor Barton gives the same straight and sane advice he gives to readers of his articles in Liberty.

TWO United States army officers were admiring the strength and physique of a dusky *poilu*, a member of a French colonial regiment from northwest Africa. His skin was glossy—oily, in fact—which caused one of the officers to remark:

"In my opinion, Americans bathe too often. Look at that fellow and his companions—powerful, alert fighters. Bathing, with them, is of infrequent occurrence. The oil of their bodies is really a part of their strength, and its removal would tend to weaken them. Therefore, I think that we in America make a mistake in bathing so often. We would be a stronger race, physically, if we permitted this natural oil to accumulate upon our bodies, instead of bathing, bathing all the time."

What about the officer's contention? Is this oil important?

Yes, it certainly is of value, because it keeps the skin pliable and free from the natural cracking which would occur if it were not present. Further, it prevents, to a considerable extent, the cold, and likewise the heat, from penetrating the body.

When swimmers have attempted to cross the English Channel, one of the preliminary preparations has been to oil thoroughly the surface of the body. This helped to retain the natural animal heat and prevented the cold water from chilling the system.

Let us look at this bathing matter for a moment. You take a hot bath, with a liberal application of soap, and what happens? In the first place, you remove the oil. You feel a little weak, a bit languid. That "tired" sensation is the direct result of the skin's loss of oil.

Well, then, what about the cold dip or shower you take in the morning? Does it make you feel better? Yes, you feel "snappy" immediately after it, perhaps for an hour or two. Then it may happen that you begin to feel weak and languid. Is the cold bath responsible for this? It is.

Then, if hot bathing makes you weak and cold bathing does likewise, would you be better off if you didn't bathe at all? That seems a logical conclusion; but let us talk once more about the oil on the surface of the skin. Is its removal a big factor in the matter?

WITH the Negroid *poilu* it is, because his skin is different. The tiny hairs all over his body are unlike the fine, practically invisible hair that covers your skin. His integument has a dark coloring matter in it to protect him from the hot rays of the sun, and he needs more oil on the surface than you do, for the same reason. Even his tiny hairs are different, in that they haven't a central portion containing oil and other substances. In fact, his hair is really like wool, in that it can be felted, which, of course, could not be done with your hair.

He actually needs this large amount of oil, on account of his peculiar skin. But you, living in a temperate climate, can do with much less.

Now, in what specific instances have hot baths proved of practical, strengthening value?

During the war between Russia and Japan, people were interested and many amused when it was reported that the Japanese army carried about with it large empty hogsheads. These huge barrels were filled with hot water, and the Japs immersed themselves therein after the toils of the day.

Another example is supplied by the case of nervous patients. A violent patient is admitted to the hospital under care of guards, who have a difficult task in preventing him from injuring himself and everybody around him. His first treatment is a hot bath—which quiets him, makes him tractable as a good child. Again, in the old days of bicycling tours, one of the first questions asked the proprietor of a roadside inn was, "Can I get a hot bath?"

Now, why the hot bath with the fatigued Jap, the violent patient, and the tired bicyclist?

When you use the muscles of the body, you are manufacturing a waste product that is carried away from the muscles by the blood and thrown out of the body. The blood has ample opportunity to carry the waste away after the ordinary amount of work that you do.

But perhaps you do some extra work. Your heart and circulation will carry off this extra waste matter all right, but would be a long time doing it, because you have manufactured such an unusual quantity. This is when the hot bath comes to nature's help. The heat opens wide the vessels and hurries the circulation along so rapidly that the waste fatigue

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

products are soon carried away from the muscles and outside the body.

Thus, the next day, when you begin your work or play, there is not piled up within your body any excess waste; you are off to a good start. Without the hot bath of the previous night, you would be stiff and sore from these fatigue products. Also, the hot bath takes away the pains and aches of the day, and your sleep is worth that much more to your tired muscles and nerves. A hot bath is a great idea before retiring. You relax completely.

If the bath is taken just before bedtime, it is best to retire at once. The interval between getting out of the tub and drawing the sheets over you should be as short as possible. Do not lengthen this interval by pottering about.

Now for the morning cold bath. Every textbook on body training recommends it. The writers have been prescribing it for so many years that it seems a pity to take issue with them. As a matter of fact, I agree with them that a morning cold tub or shower bath is an excellent thing for a number of people. But, if my experience is any guide, then it is only an excellent thing for one person in four. There need be no argument in the matter. It isn't necessary to "try it on the dog." Simply try it on yourself, and be guided by your own experience.

The test as to whether it is suitable for you is simple. Everybody, as I said above, feels better immediately after the morning cold bath. There is a surge of well-being. You assail your breakfast and the world in general with the courage of a lion. But how do you feel about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning? If you still have your buoyancy and clearness of head, then your bath has been a help to you. But if, an hour or two after breakfast, there is a feeling of lassitude and weakness, then the morning cold bath for you is a mistake.

Why is this? Simply because your system, low in animal heat at that time, resents the shock of the cold bath and the consequent loss of heat. It affects you like any shock to the system—a real jar to the nervous system and heat centers.

Yet you want to continue that cold bath, don't you? Well, here is a simple method used by a great many people. Put into the tub three or four inches of warm water, or enough to cover your ankles. Then turn the cold spray on your body. You will thus get the reaction of the cold bath, with all its benefits, and not lose so much animal heat so early in the morning. Try it.

THE big thing to remember is that the surface of your body is covered with millions of little openings, from every one of which waste matter is poured upon the surface of the skin. These openings—pores—outnumber the little fat or oil glands by five to one; so that their importance is easy to grasp. Now, all these waste products must be removed from the surface, to make way for more which are to follow, and to ventilate the body. Of course, much of it is gas and water, and is evaporated from the skin. But the solid portion of this residue must be got rid of as soon and as often as possible, and bathing is the only satisfactory way to do it.

Remember, however, that the ideal way of really cleansing your body is to take some exercise or a brisk walk, to induce perspiration. Then, by a bath which removes the perspiration remaining on your skin, followed by a brisk rubbing of the body with a towel, you have done the job thoroughly. You are really clean.

As a matter of fact, bathing cleanses the skin, all right, but exercise really cleans out all the inside of the body, by bringing the waste matter to the surface of the skin. If you take the warm or hot bath during the day, the previously recommended cold shower, or a little cold water thrown over the body while your feet are still in the warm water, will give you the proper reaction. The cold water also closes the pores and thus prevents you from catching cold.

But, you ask, what about the oil?

Don't worry. The bath itself, and then the rubdown, will bring the blood to the surface. With it will come the materials from which the oil glands will manufacture oil in sufficient quantities to give your skin the necessary pliability and natural resistance to both heat and cold.

Nature will see that your skin gets the necessary supply of oil. But remember that, as nearly one-fourth of all the waste matter of your body comes away by means of the pores—not the oil glands—it is up to you to keep the surface of your skin as clean as possible by frequent bathing.

No, as a nation, we do not bathe or cleanse the skin too often. But we might be accused of not cleansing the body itself by exercise often enough. Think it over.

THE END

But how do you feel about eleven o'clock in the morning?

Good For Growing Boys and Girls

How they love it and what big, appetites they have after a few hours of real lively play. There's nothing better for them than outdoor exercise and plenty of good, wholesome foods made with

CALUMET

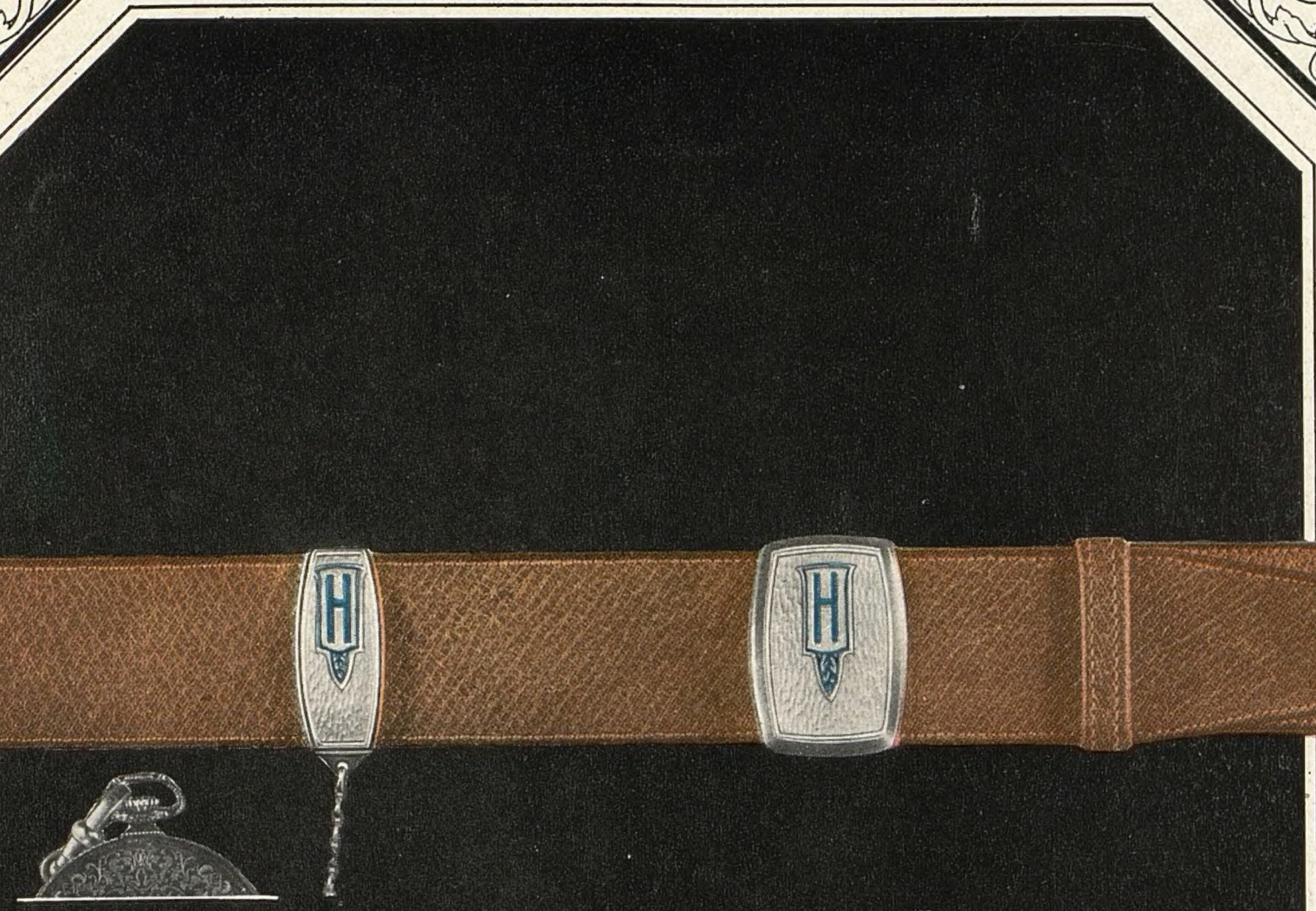
THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Bake often—always use this perfect leavener—it contains more than the ordinary leavening strength—it unfailingly raises the bakings to their highest nutritional value—makes foods not only appetizing and delicious but easily digested as well.

Calumet is economical. Never spoils any of the ingredients used with it; goes farther; lasts longer. Made in the world's largest and most sanitary baking powder factories.

Every ingredient used officially approved by U.S. Food Authorities

Sales 2½ Times Those of Any Other Brand



HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

Factory & Executive Offices
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Branches: CHICAGO NEW YORK CITY TORONTO

Novel Hickok Creations

HICKOK BELTS are the fulfillment of all a man could desire in a belt. Made of the finest selected leathers and combined with Buckles that only master craftsmen can create, they give just the right touch of individuality so desired by men who know a good belt when they see it—men who consider it a duty to be well-dressed on all occasions.

The Buckle and Beltogram made of heavy Hickok Plate with initial in blue inlay, rugged hammered panel and burnished border as shown above, with belt of Pigskin, Cowhide or Calfskin, is bound to be one of the smartest creations for Spring. Sold by all stores catering to well-dressed men and boys at *$1.00; 2.00; 3.00; 5.00 and up.*